

*A  
Magazine for  
Lovers of  
Good Reading.*

# THE LIGUORIAN

*December*

**1942**

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## **WAR AND CHRISTMAS**

D. F. MILLER

## **ON ARMY CHAPLAINS**

E. F. MILLER

## **GIFT FOR CHRISTMAS**

G. CORBETT

## **LADY IMMACULATE**

R. J. SPITZER

## **THE PARISH HALL**

C. D. McENNIRY

## **WHY RUBBER IS RATIONED**

R. G. PALMITER

## **MRS. McHUGH'S PATRIOTISM**

L. G. MILLER

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## AMONGST OURSELVES

We have always wished "A Merry Christmas" to all our subscribers. This year, we know, there are many among our readers who will find it hard to be merry; mothers, whose sons are far off and in danger of death every day; sweethearts and wives, whose loved ones are beyond reach even of a card of greeting; and eighteen and nineteen-year old youths who have to give up their studies and plans and dreams to take up the harrowing business of war. Yet we still wish them all "A Merry Christmas." The reason is because the platform of THE LIGUORIAN has always been, and always will be, that where Christ is, there is peace and happiness and joy. May He come to all those who are troubled and worried and lonesome and in danger this Christmas of 1942.

Every word we write, every thought we manifest, every article we publish, is dedicated to the truth that only in Christ can peace be found for the world. And not only for the world, but for individual hearts, even while the rest of the world

is at war. For we believe that God, Who made the world by a word, and can destroy the world by a word, would never have permitted this war if it were not needed by men: needed to convince them that they were seeking happiness in the wrong places; that man cannot create a paradise without God. Throughout the year 1943 we shall continue to hammer away at the same eternal lesson. If any readers have found THE LIGUORIAN a means of impressing that lesson upon their minds, we shamelessly ask them to spread THE LIGUORIAN that the lesson may be spread throughout the world! We wish all readers a Merry Christmas; May Christ enter their hearts and never depart again!

### CALENDARS FOR 1943

Many have been sold; a few are left. If you haven't procured one, write now! The art calendar will be an adornment for your walls; a means of instruction for your minds, and an inspiration for your lives.

30 cents each; 4 for \$1.00.

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## The Liguorian

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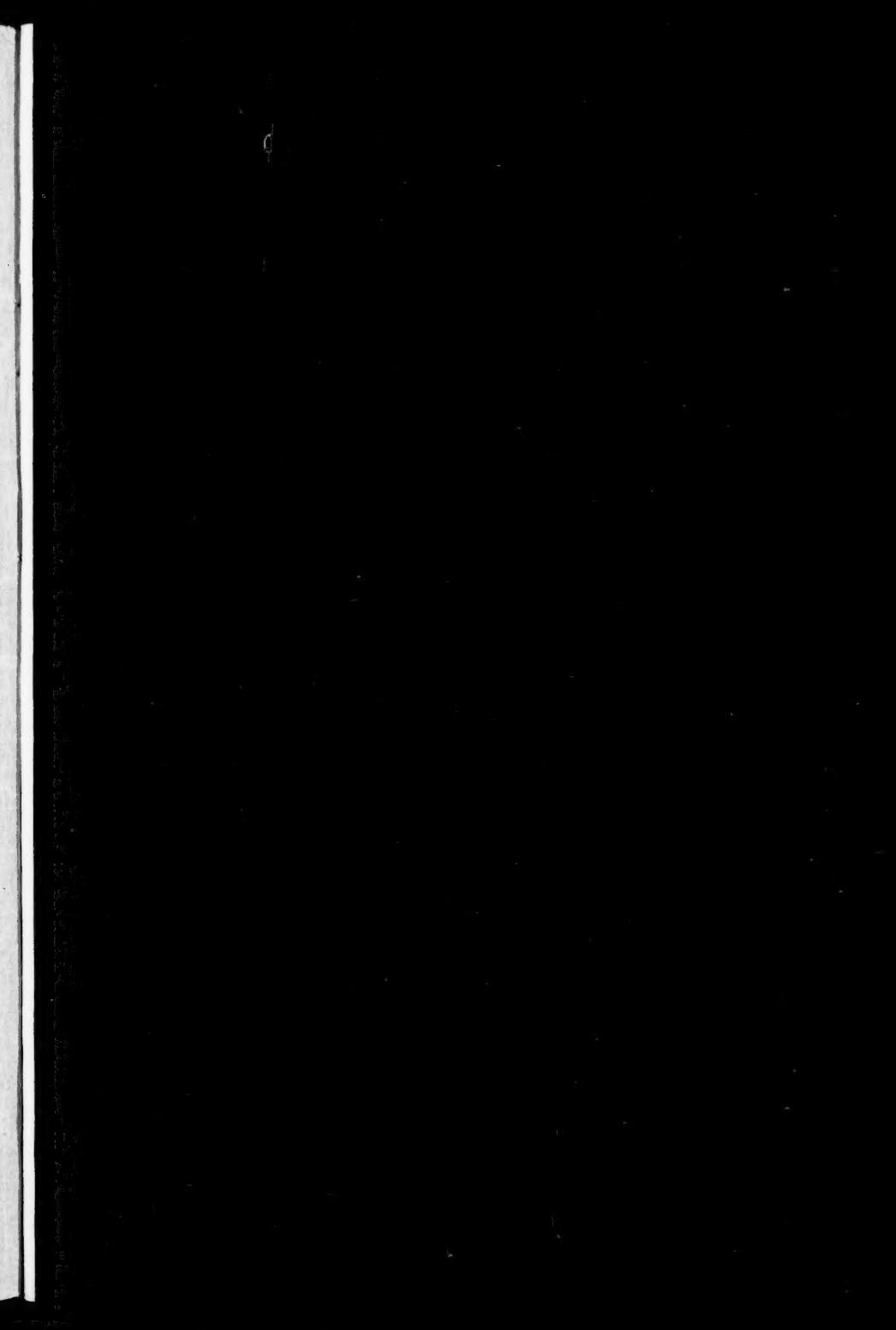
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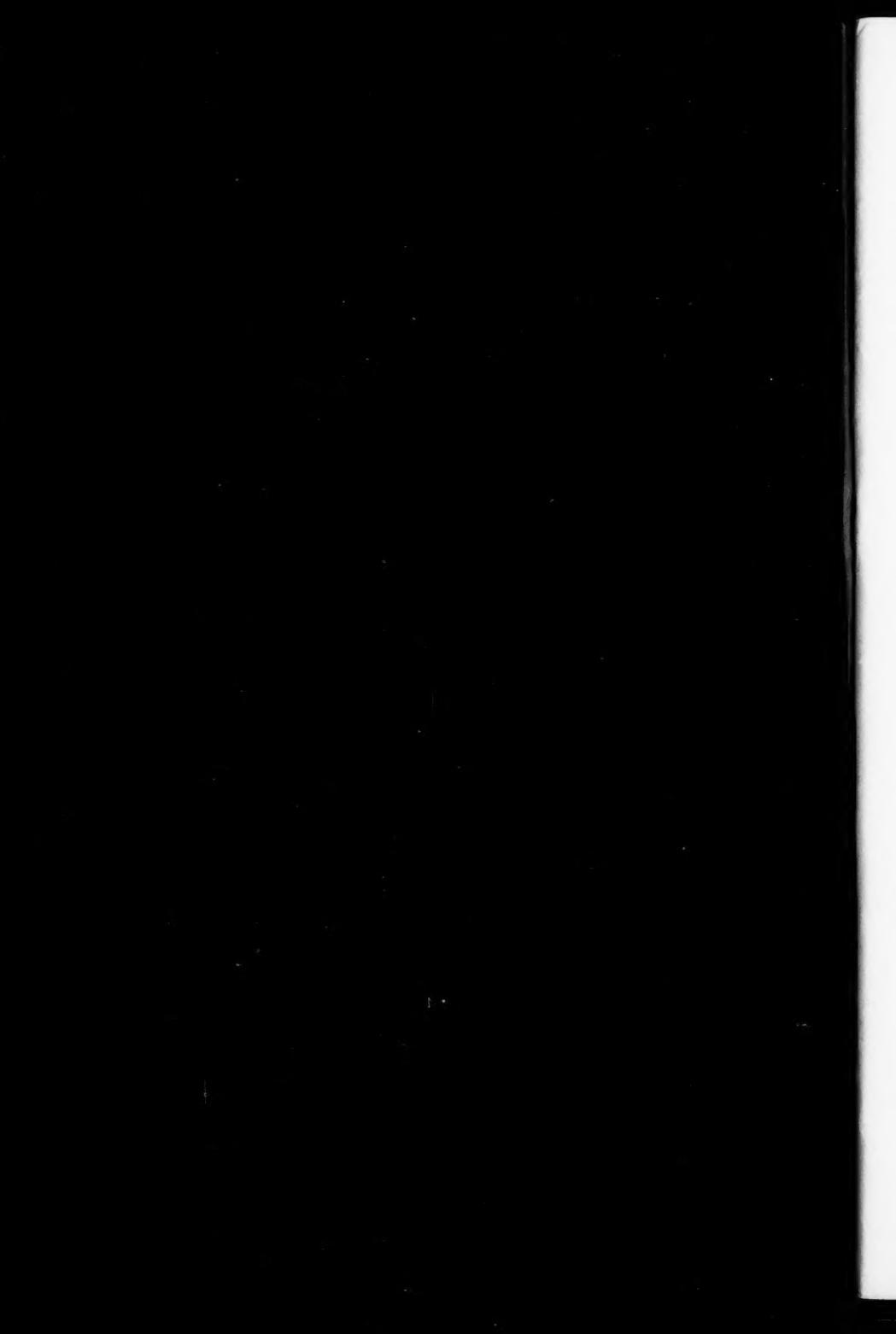
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## DEPARTMENTS

## RORATE COELI!

My hour is almost due. . . .  
I wonder will your little eyes be blue;  
Or blaze  
In divers ways  
Like starlight over Astolat in Spring!

Soothier than Salem wine  
Your curly head . . . and blond as candle-shine!  
Like snow  
Your skin shall glow . . .  
Like dawn beyond Mt. Carmel glimmering.

You shall be tall and straight  
And stately as a high-priest in your gait;  
Your every word  
Be heard  
Like harp-strings lightly wakened by a King.

I long to hear you speak  
To feel your breathing lips against my cheek:  
To see  
Eternity,  
While angels throng on tiptoe for a peek.

—J. J. Galvin

# FATHER TIM CASEY

## THE PARISH HALL

C. D. McENNIRY

**W**HENCE are all the gentlemen?" Father Casey asked when, on entering St. Mary's club rooms, he found only a group of girls.

"Off to see a show or a fight or something. St. Mary's club is too tame for them," replied Ann Wigglesworth.

"Hope they stay away, that is what I hope," muttered Gabriella Flanders. "I'm fed up on looking at the same ugly maps night after night, year in and year out. Father, it has been an age since any new blood was injected into this club."

"At any rate it is a good thing they were not here tonight," said Fanny Blessig. "They would have put a damper on our talk, Father, guess what we were discussing."

"Your future husbands, of course."

"Why Father Casey! You are a mind reader," Fanny exclaimed.

"Discussing our own future husbands loses most of its zip. Too much future and not enough husband," commented Gaby. "However, don't worry about us, for believe it or not, Father, it was principally other girls that we were solicitous about."

"Such altruism! Such Christian charity! Such —"

"Take care. Not too strong on the praise, Father, until you have heard the whole story. We were criticizing the clergy."

"Probably not the first time they were criticized. Christ, their Leader, warned them not to expect better treatment than He received Himself. But what is your pet peeve about the clergy now?"

"They are not consistent. Always tearing into us for marrying non-Catholics, but never giving us any opportunity to meet and get acquainted with Catholics."

"In what way do they prevent you from meeting Catholics? When the clergy see an eligible Catholic young man coming down your street do they rush out and head him off, like Aunt Betsy Trotwood with the donkeys?"

"Donkeys, huh! Donkeys is the right name for any that ever come down my street," said Miss Flanders.

"Shut up, Gaby, or talk sense," Fanny Blessig admonished. "Father,

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the clergy do not promote meetings, parties, dramatics, dances, games, clubs, where the Catholic young people can get together and eventually arrange Catholic marriages. They seldom have even a hall where such activities could be conducted."

"W-e-l-l," Father Casey drawled, "I note the fact that St. Mary's has a hall and a club, and nevertheless you charming young ladies are still enjoying single blessedness."

"Of course, of course, we knew you would have to bring that up. Listen, Father, we are excluding St. Mary's. It has a parish hall and a perfect pastor — though perhaps not all the cooperation on the part of the congregation that might be expected. We likewise exclude ourselves. We shall manage to worry through life as cheerful old maids unless some nice Catholic boy discovers our hiding place and carries us off. We are talking about girls in other parishes. Scarcely one of their pastors has a parish hall or makes any provision for the young people to get together. No wonder the poor things contract mixed marriages."

"**A** PARISH hall," the priest ruminated, "a parish hall. That design nation is rather indefinite. Sometimes a pastor builds what *he* thinks is a parish hall and finds afterwards that it does not meet the people's conception of the thing at all — at least that it does not transform his parish into a paradise. You young ladies have your hand on the pulse of the people. What do they really expect to find in a parish hall?"

"An up to date auditorium with a stage and everything for plays," said Gabriella. "And equipment for motion pictures," added Fanny. — "And a dancing hall," suggested Delizia. — "And a parish library." — "And a basket ball court with showers." — "And club rooms." "And a bowling alley." — "And a swimming tank." — "And a —"

"For the luvva Mike!" (An undignified expression, you will say, coming from a priest. But surely you will admit there was some provocation for it.) Stop before you get beyond the limits of the Empire State Building."

"Well, of course it would not have to have every one of the facilities we mentioned. It was just to give you an idea."

"Ah! what a relief," sighed the priest. "You had me on the verge of panic. With this generous concession, a parish may still, within the bounds of possibility, have its hall. But — er — who will pay for it?"

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It will pay for itself — and be a source of income to the parish besides."

"Sez you. Listen, my children, I am no longer young; in fact, sometimes while in an unusually honest mood, I admit to myself that I am old. I have seen many a parish hall in my day. But never yet one that paid for itself. Interest, payments on the debt, upkeep, insurance, taxes, assessments, janitors, firemen, new installations of all kinds to meet the ever-changing demands, expenses for bazaars, theatricals, dances — no, I have never yet seen a parish hall pay for itself."

"Then let the parish pay for it. They should be glad to do that to save the young people from mixed marriages."

"Hm-m, let us see. All these facilities are principally for the young folk. Will they pay for it?"

"Yes, Father."

"What???"

"Well, perhaps I did speak too hastily. Clothes, you know, cost so much, and amusements and social activities. The young folk have but little left for church contributions."

"And so their fathers and mothers, who build the church and the rectory and the school and the sisters' house and pay endless bills to keep all these going — their poor over-worked fathers and mothers must manage somehow to make new sacrifices in order to build a place of amusement for these lazy spongers. Otherwise they will never, never meet a Catholic partner, poor dears."

**B**UT, Father, once it is built think what a comfort it will be."

"A parish hall a comfort! Say, once it is built, who must see that it is not monopolized by a handful of the parishioners while the rest go elsewhere just as though there were no parish hall? Who must act as arbitrator among the warring societies and sodalities, all seeking exclusive possession of the best room? Who must organize the various activities and beg and coax and threaten in order to get the workers to come and do what they promised? Who must exercise sleepless vigilance to keep the dances decent, the pictures clean, the books wholesome, the attendance respectable? Who, in a word, is responsible before God that the parish hall does not become an occasion of sin instead of a help to virtue?"

"Why, the parish priest, of course," replied Gabriella sweetly. "A

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little pleasant activity, you know, so that time will not hang heavy on his hands."

"Yes, the parish priest." Gabriella grinned with malicious delight when she saw he could not think of a snappy come-back. "Yes, the parish priest. And neglect the really priestly work for which he studied so many long years and for which he was ordained."

"I do not understand, Father" Fanny declared, "why you are so opposed to parish halls, especially since you went to all the trouble of building one yourself."

"I opposed to parish halls! God forbid. I would not dare oppose anything that would really contribute towards the salvation of souls."

"Then why the terrible tirade? I was trembling for the very existence of St. Mary's parish hall."

"Because you were all talking foolishly, like those who attribute all their mortal sins to the absence of a parish hall. They marry non-Catholics, miss Mass, shirk church support, consort with bad companions, frequent dangerous places of amusement, and then try to blame it all on the pastor — he failed to squeeze enough money out of the hard-working fathers and mothers to build a hall and to make a circus manager out of himself for their amusement. A parish hall is necessary, but not nearly so necessary as the church and school and all that pertains to them. The most necessary things come first; the hall must await its turn."

"And in the meantime our Catholic girls are marrying Protestants and infidels because they have no opportunity of meeting Catholic young men."

"Any Catholic girl living with her family, as Catholic girls should do, who cannot meet a Catholic young man, is such a dumb Dora that it is a blessing for the young man she never met him."

"Father, how do you make that out?"

"Her family belongs to a certain parish. If they have any Catholic spirit about them at all they are acquainted with many other families of the same parish. She visits back and forth with the girls of those families. The young men of these families would have to be strategists of the highest order to avoid being 'met'."

**B**UT what about stranger girls who have come here to work?  
Their families live somewhere else."

"They should have stayed at home and married a Catholic boy they

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knew instead of coming to this city for a career or something, and then moaning that they could not meet a Catholic young man."

"Some had no choice. They were forced by circumstances to the step."

"Don't they ever go to Mass of a weekday morning? Don't they ever drop into church for a noon-day or evening visit? Don't they go up and speak to another girl whom they have seen there several times? Isn't that an opportunity of getting acquainted with several Catholic families? If the local girl is too selfish to cooperate, rest assured that a parish hall would not cure her selfishness. The stranger girl would remain a stranger still."

"What you say, Father, shows that had I really wanted to I could have met a Catholic boy. But I was not interested in *a* Catholic boy, the goofy brother of my girl friend, for instance, a poor nit-wit, whose salary was not half my own. I wanted to meet *the* Catholic boy."

"Ah, now we are getting nearer to the real reason for mixed marriages. Catholic faith, Catholic training, Catholic blood, which are of such vital importance in a husband and father, mean little to you. What you want in your man is a stunning appearance, worldly sparkle and dash and a fat bank account. Don't fool yourself. Mr. Stunning-appearance-and-sparkle-and-dash-and-fat-bank-account leads his wife a dog's life oftener than the simple plodding fellow you dub a nit-wit. Little wonder you do not find a Catholic partner since you are so almighty hard to please. You need a parish hall with young men by the hundreds marching in review before you until you light on your dream hero."

"Father, that was only when I was young and foolish and reading too many love-at-first-sight romances. Now I know there are not enough supermen to go around. I must be satisfied with an ordinary man, even the brother of my chum, for at last I am ready to admit he will be getting an ordinary girl. But, here's the rub, now the ordinary young man does not want me. He is looking for a super-woman."

"You speak as though you could have got him when you were young and foolish."

"Surely, if I had set my cap for him. The big stupid oxen are always ready to fall for a girl like that. When we get a few years older they cannot see us any more. They are all eyes for the youngsters."

**N**OW, my dears," said the priest, "we are getting nearer and nearer to the solution of our problem: Why do not Catholic girls marry Catholic men? The answer is, not parish halls, but *selfishness*. No patience under suffering, no devotion to duty when duty is disagreeable, no self-denial, no self-sacrifice, just *selfishness*. They forget that, no matter what our state or condition in life, this earth is a land of exile, a valley of tears, a place of toil and suffering. They foolishly want a marriage that will be a paradise. And so, of course, they are disappointed, disappointed either in getting the man without the paradise or in seeking both and getting neither. They must learn from the good Catholic girl of former days. She believed marriage was the state to which God called her. She embraced it through a sense of duty, prepared to share her joys and sorrows with a decent Catholic man, to be his faithful and obedient wife, to bear and train and love his children, to put up with his faults and be solicitous for his bodily and spiritual welfare. She did not dilly-dally and postpone her life work in order to enjoy longer the independence of the single life. In the first bloom and charm of her young womanhood she won and wedded an honest Catholic man. There may have been no passionately romantic love on her bridal morn, but there was solid conjugal love on her golden wedding day. And that is more than can be said for many love-at-first-sight matches. Like the valiant woman of the Scriptures, 'her children rose up and called her blessed, her husband, and he praised her.' — And she never saw a parish hall," said Father Casey.

### The Complete Answer

The well-known Catholic lecturer of a few decades ago, Peter Collins, was once addressing a crowd in Texas. When he had finished his lecture, according to his customary procedure, he invited the people to ask questions.

"Why don't priests marry?" came the inevitable question from a stout lady in the audience, who occupied a prominent place in a box.

"Well, madam, the reason why they don't marry is because they believe that no man can serve two masters. . . ."

He paused for an instant, intending to proceed with an explanation, when suddenly a storm of laughter and applause broke out. The lecturer looked around bewilderedly, not having the faintest idea of its cause. It was not until afterwards that he was told that the woman who asked the question was the "energetic" wife of a prominent minister, and that he was sitting beside her in the box.

## **SILENT NIGHT, HOLY NIGHT**

**E. F. MILLER**

The place was hardly a fitting place in which to say Mass. It was an Army barracks as barren as an empty bucket, and as unadorned as a hayloft in a barn. There were no pews, no benches, no organ—just the floor, the walls and the raftered ceiling. And, Oh yes, an altar—an altar like a big box (it had been a packing-box before it was raised to the dignity of serving as a throne for God) in the middle of the floor.

The chaplain was vesting for the Mass as the doctor-soldiers and the few enlisted men who were attached to the Post hospital filed in. They stood about the altar waiting for the Holy Sacrifice to begin. The hour was early, and a single electric bulb hung over the rude altar to dispel the darkness.

The Mass began. In silence as heavy as that which rested over Bethlehem after the Angels had finished their song, the mighty drama went on. At the proper time the priest read the Gospel, and then made the sign of the Cross indicating that he was going to preach.

No sooner had he done so than he heard a noise almost directly at his side. He looked and saw a young man, a buck private, slump to the floor. Surrounded as the soldier was by doctors, the priest did not worry—at least not at the moment. But the doctors did nothing. They stretched out the man on the floor and paid no more attention to him. He was a ghastly, greenish color, and the priest cutting his sermon short, hurried along with the Mass in order that he might be of service in case his services were needed. All the while he was giving the doctors a piece of his mind—in his own mind. Were they so callous and cold that they could see a man die at their very feet and do nothing about it? He would tell them when he finished Mass!

Without even taking off his vestments at the end of Mass he turned to the spot where the man had fallen. But he was on the floor no more. He was making for the door as though nothing had happened. The priest stood there, surprise suffusing his face.

The doctors laughed. "There was nothing to it, Father," one of them said. "Nothing to get worried about at all. He just received his shots last night. They often do that to a man. And the men always get over it too."

The priest went back to his packing-box altar and began to remove his vestments. As he said the *Te Deum* to himself (a custom he had been following ever since his Ordination) a refrain kept popping into his mind and spoiling the beautiful psalm. It was: "You're in the Army now, you're in the Army now."

## CANARIO

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This is the portrait of a horse, and if you love horses in general ever so remotely, you will love this one as if it were your own. It is written by the man who rode Canario through the outlands of Puerto Rico as a missionary.

---

J. J. GALVIN

CANARIO would be no match for Seabiscuit. He never chopped the turf at Leopardstown or Santa Anita . . . and never will! He is no mere Spark Plug either. He is a little Puerto Rican thoroughbred . . . and for three exciting years was all my own.

As for myself I am by no means a Hector with horses. Indeed were it not for a wee prank of Providence I should know no more about them than I do about theodolites or the albatross. Even now after forty slow moons in the stirrup, my horsemanship and horse-lore are still most rudimentary. Saddle and cinch-strap are familiar enough. Bridle and head-staff I know; but tell me of a pastern or spavin or snaffle-bit, and there you have me. Horses are presumably one of those inaccessible accomplishments like whistling, contract-bridge and trigonometry for which I have no talent whatsoever.

And yet how three brief years on a foreign mission can alter the subtle connotations of a little Saxon word! Whereas the word: horse might once have conjured up a catch-as-catch-can composite of Heigh-Ho-Silver and the Elgin Marbles, it now evokes the daintily chiming hooves, the silver tail and golden profile of Canario.

Canario as anyone might surmise is a Spanish word that means canary. Picture anyone saddling and digging spur into a canary! Imagine a horse of any sort twittering blithely in some alcove of your bed-room! Still, in Spanish the yawping incongruity never even kindles the glimmer of a smile. Canaries are pale yellow: so a horse approximating that same nuance is called "canary" too. It is solemnly simple to the Latin mind.

How the soever Canario is by no means canary-yellow. Nor is he beige or buff; nor the color of hot waffles, nor of dungarees or daffodils. Call it a powdery bronze; or a molten butterscotch if you will. (Penuche-colored might be even more accurate!) As for myself his velvet pelt

suggests those glinting crumbly qualities of maple sugar. Not at all times of course; but at least when he has been freshly shorn and washed, and groomed with stiff bristles and anointed with fragrant oil of cocoanut: when he stands saddled and stamping in the patio of our monastery, stamping with all the temperamental impatience of a dancer awaiting his cue.

**T**HE word "dancer" is felicitous, for Canario among other things has been trained to the Puerto Rican *paso fino*, the closest thing to toe-dancing this side of Pavlova. It is a thing unique: the *paso fino*! It surges with seductive rhythms. It fairly vibrates with the purple witchery of tropic stars and jasmine, guitar-strings and castanets. To a rhyming man it tock-a-tocks like chiming trochees. Listen to the *paso fino* mincing down a Puerto Rican *calle* and at once you think of fire-lit rhumba-drums. It sputters and crackles like a new-lit fuse . . . a fuse, let us say of rhythmical prelude to some smouldering what-not of Carmen Miranda's! Its mad-cap pace and care-free patter catches everyone. At the summons of the *paso fino* the noisiest street goes instantly still. Every head cocks automatically at attention, as though straining to decode some secret telegraphic message from the capering hooves. The languid orange-pedlar pauses in his pealing. The ragged newsboy's eyes shout *bravo*; and the boot-black's busy brushes slacken in his grasp. Policemen gape obliviously of traffic; and on high and vine-gay balconies obese *señoras* curb their restless rockers and curty obstreperous fans. It literally holds up the town. It is so with any horse that prances to the *paso fino* . . . but with Canario: to be astride Canario at any time is like riding pick-a-pack on a double Fred Astaire.

You need neither spur nor hazel switch to ride Canario, for as soon as you light in the stirrup he is off. And a splendid sight it is to watch from an upper balcony, as he patters down the narrow street that leads through cane fields to the mountains, his hooves beating time like battle-drums; his small head upright like the carving on a Greek cup, his long tail blowing like fine silk: beast and rider fused in one rhythmical blur of khaki and dull gold! It strikes one as the very fabric of poetry . . . like some truant line from stately Virgil sprung alive before your eyes ("Quadrupedante putrem sonitu quatit ungula campum.") The mind is invaded with the vision of the great white horses of St. John's Apocalypse. It seizes hold of something very near the heart, and thereafter you are never quite the same.

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However it is one thing to watch him; but literally a horse of a different color to be astride him for the first, yes . . . and perhaps, the twenty-first time. For he knows the novice from the first fumbling fillip of the reins. As in all arts, there is a knack to handling Canario. You must sit straight in the saddle. You must never slacken the bit. You must not jerk the bridle. And always keep the four reins as taut as fiddle-strings in key. If you do this (And I warn you, it is a trick that comes only with practice!) he will respond like a Stradivarius. But perfection is acquired only by dint of saddle-sores and sticking-plasters. And until acquired . . . Sts. Cosmas and Damian, St. Luke and St. Raphael, and all the sainted medicos attend you, for you'll need them all.

MY FIRST ride on Canario I shall always remember. I knew no more about the genus horse than I do about the Norden Bombsight; and about Canario I knew even less. But I was far in the mountains where it was a case of mount or hike it, if I were to get home by sundown. I can still see the two native lads holding his bridle, and a third fastening on my bulging saddle-bags, as I sauntered nonchalantly from the chapel as though I had been riding horses all my life. Canario gave me one suspicious sidelong ogle as I bungled into the stirrup, and I knew at once that he was wise to me, for he suddenly delivered himself of an eerie sneeze with all the brittle emphasis of a curse. The saddle heaved sickeningly under me like jetsam on high waters; and before I could brace or even bless myself, before I could as much as fix my hat and grasp the reins, Canario was in motion.

What followed I but vaguely remember. I can still see the coffee-skinned peon shouting me a final counsel which I could not understand; I can remember the chapel spinning past me like a top; and a road-full of playful children waving frantically and then fleeing before me like chickens, as I came clattering over the loose stones and splashed through a shallow stream. The thought of Absolom assailed me as my head ducked miraculously short of a laden mango bough. I prayed to all the saints that ever rode on horses, for at any moment I expected to be pitched like Saul before the gates of waterfair Damascus . . . but for very different reasons.

He was bent that day on treating me to his complete repertoire. He

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minced to the *paso fino*. He cantered and trotted and galloped as the evil spirit urged, and as a final and flamboyant touch he took to jouncing and bouncing me till I felt like Campion after a tryst with Topcliffe. How I reined him in to a graceful and disasterless halt I never found out . . . though my busy angel's biceps and fore-arm may have aided in the rescue; but this I know that there was a stitch in my side that stung like a white-hot ice-pick; and every inch and ounce of my anatomy was jabbering with pain.

After I had rested and regained my breath I tried to start him once more, but he would not be stirred. I wheedled him with magical Spanish; I called him by his golden name. I even patted his steamy neck . . . but he would not succumb to my inexpert flatteries. He might as well have been the gift of the ancient Greeks . . . the fateful wooden horse. He was stalled like a stopped clock and nothing in all my theology, philosophy, mathematics and sundry languages could make him go.

There were numberless things I did not know about Canario that first eventful afternoon: those secret peeves and penchants that make a horse himself. I was unaware for one thing that he was a pawn of the green-eyed monster until I heard the musical staccato of the *paso fino* coming round a bend in the road; and a coal-black horse went capering past us like a dancer with castanets. It acted like an amulet. My wooden horse dissolved into a golden thunderbolt . . . and in a trice was after the coal-black pacer, tossing his mane defiantly, stamping his magical hooves with pistol-like gusto. Soon he was abreast of the dancing colt, making more music than ever. Then he was far in the lead, hinnying with merriment and shaking his silken tail like a taunt in his rival's startled face. He is a jealous animal, I learned. In rhythm, speed or gracefulness he brooks neither peer nor partner. He must always lead . . . or else.

**H**E ALSO harbors a very cordial loathing for dogs. At the first rude yelp he cowers to a quivering halt; and then bolts off like a thing possessed. Nothing can hold him: neither sharp stones nor hills nor river-beds, till he outruns his barking tormentors. If the psychiatrists have discovered such a malady as Cynophobia, it is all Canario's. And the dogs seem all fore-warned, for they lie in wait for him to pass along the road. I have watched them idle on their haunches

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while scores of horses cantered by, and only then spring fiendishly to life to harry the flying fetlocks of Canario. You must know all this if you wish to ride with safety; for all along the winding route from the mountain chapels to the monastery, wherever a dog is wont to lurk in waiting: an old straw-hut, a tobacco ranch or a clump of green bamboo, you must be ready for a spate of unexpected antics from Canario. He knows each danger zone like red dots on a map.

In fact he knows that route so well that a padre stranger to everything in Puerto Rican: the small dark people, the raspy speech, and labyrinthine lay of the land (as was myself) could set out on Canario with perfect assurance of getting home by the quickest and safest route. He knows just where to splash through the stony rivers; he always takes the gentlest slope of every hill; he never hesitates a moment when the trail forks uncertainly through tall green canyons of sugar-cane. On he patters till he strikes the highway that leads directly home.

And he should know that route by heart for he covers it every week when the padre packs his saddle-bags for the mountains. For that matter, he could almost pack the saddle-bags himself, he has seen it done so often. (To date, however, he has never actually done this!) Still by the mere weight of the saddle-bags each week, I am sure he can gauge to a nicety if anything is missing: the flask of Mass-wine, and the small particles; pills and ointments for the sick in the hills; cigarettes most probably, and *medallitas* for the youngsters; his dog-eared ritual, and mildewed, rain-rifled breviary, his raincoat too. And if he be of that pallid breed of padre who cannot stomach the spicy succulence of native fare . . . then by all means a can or two of soup or Boston-baked delicious beans. And last and lightest, a folded sheet of scribbled Spanish sermon over which the padre has sweated the greater part of the week.

He knows the whole missionary routine almost better than the padre, for there is hardly a place the padre goes without him. If the padre is summoned from sleep to attend some dying sinner in the mountains, Canario is always waiting to go. Every First Friday of the year he waits outside her little palm-thatched hovel while crippled Dona Zita confesses her monthly peccadilloes. He hears the padre's sermon long before the people do: he listens to it a dozen times as they canter through the hills. Together they share the scorching suns and drenching tropic rains. They often eat together; for when the padre reaches for a plantain or a juicy mango, he plucks a second for Canario. (Bananas

he could munch till sundown; and how he loves to champ at the new green cane lunching and munching till his jaws drool with sticky sugar juice.) He knows too where the moonshiners distill their illicit rums and he's heard the padre upbraiding them galore. He eavesdrops at all the little catechism classes on the mountain-sides; and afterwards it is his pride and joy to have a queue of cocoa-dark toddlers toying with his silky tail, following him like the Pied Piper as he picks his dainty way down the mountains to the chapel.

I SUPPOSE a day will come when Canario will lose his musical drum-stick joggle, and will no longer bring the padre to the mountains. He may become a mere pack horse lugging bananas down to market at a slow trot; but if horses can remember as they say old men can, then I know he will ever remember with a secret pride a certain Palm Sunday just at sun-rise when he and I went riding under living palm-boughs bearing the sacramental Christ to a dying boy. There were bright red blossoms twined in his bridle-straps; and many birds were awake and chirping a wee hosannah of their own; and a host of butterflies, brilliant blue butterflies they were, made a twinkling chaplet about his golden head. He must have realized the burden that he bore that sunny morning, for he never rode so airily before. He was worthy of poetry that day. And if there be such a thing as a special realm of blessedness for animals, then along with the beast that bore Our Lady into Bethlehem and Egypt, and the other that brought Our Lord to Jerusalem, I hope one day to see Canario awakening the streets of Heaven with his golden hooves.

### Chinese Wisdom

The youths of a Chinese college recently produced in their English examinations the following illuminating remarks, among others:

The sun rise due East because the earth was run the sun.  
Surely only the earth was running along the sun, not the earth was walking over our heads.

Paris is the capitol of France. It is famous for its good smell perfumes.

Dublin is the capitol of the island on the west of England. It is well known in nothing.

A volcano is a kind of mountain. When it explodes it is a burning mountain, but after it has rest it becomes a mountain as usual.

# Three Minute Instruction

## WHY GOD BECAME MAN

The attitude of many people toward Christ is that it does not matter a great deal whether a person considers Him God or man. In other words, it would be rather nice if He were found to be God, but even in this case it need not affect one's life in any way at all. The truth is that consciousness of the very possibility of God's having become man carries with it the full responsibility of ascertaining the truth and then regulating one's life accordingly. The reasons are these:

1. Theoretically, it is impossible to suppose that God could become man without a reason that affects the lives of all men. Either God is concerned with how men live or He is not. It would be possible to prove that he is not concerned only if, from the beginning of time, he had never, in any way, neither through reason nor conscience nor messengers, made any of His will known to man. But if, on the contrary, He has not only spoken through reason and conscience, but even become man to talk like a man to human beings, then it is logically impossible to conclude that it does not matter whether he became man or not. If He became man then the only important thing for every man is to learn what He said, what He did, and what He wishes.

2. The above argument would hold if we knew no special reason why man needed the appearance of God. But there is such a special reason. Every thinking man is conscious of it. The reason is that without some direct kind of divine communication and direct divine help, man finds it impossible to do what his intelligence tells him he should do. His intelligence tells him he should obey God: but he finds himself in such a state that his intelligence cannot find out alone all that God wants, and even when he does, he finds his will rebelling. In other words he is afflicted with some spiritual decay, which only God can heal.

3. Experience supports this. Men who have satisfied their minds that Christ was God incarnate, and given Him their belief, have always found their doubts settled, their perplexities removed, their will strengthened for obedience.

Therefore the man who says He is not interested in whether Christ was God or not is a fool. The man who says that he believes Christ was God and that this means nothing in his life, is likewise a fool. And the man who says he needs no enlightenment and help from God is usually a liar.

## ON ARMY CHAPLAINS

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The consolations and the hardships that make up the life of a Catholic army chaplain. Also an appreciation of how the chaplain reflects a nation's democracy.

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E. F. MILLER

THE Army of the United States is a wonderful institution. It not only defends our prized liberties and makes our shores safe for democracy, but it also holds within its ranks the finest body of men in the whole world. There are American soldiers who in civilian life were professors and scholars; who were blacksmiths and clerks; who were baseball players and musicians; who were ecclesiastical students and priests. Yes, last but not least — who were priests.

It is a safe statement to make that no government in the history of the world has so favored religion as has our own government. In every camp throughout the country there are beautiful chapels, constructed according to fine architectural lines and destined only as places of worship, merely for the spiritual aggrandizement of the soldier's soul. One would be apt to think that in so realistic a thing as war, or to put it better, in so realistic a thing as *preparing* for war, there would be little room for the affairs of the spirit. Drilling, bayonet practice, long marches and body-hardening exercises are so essential, if the war is to be won, that all other luxuries, or even necessities, should be shelved until peace comes back to the earth once more. But our government does not argue that way. Our government maintains that all the bayonet practice and drilling in the world will not prepare civilians, or anybody, even tried soldiers, for that matter, to fight courageously and victoriously unless the soul has been toughened along with the body. And the soul is toughened only through the exercises of religion. The Nazis have a perfect fighting-machine, but the Nazis are professedly on the march against the things of the spirit. Therefore the Nazis are, sooner or later, going to fall. It shall be a victory of the soul over the body, of the spiritual over the material, of the good, the true and the beautiful over the base, the crass and the false.

Our government is proving its support of the spirit, not only by building chapels, but also by enlisting a body of men to staff the chapels.

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Priests are going into the army from every possible situation. Some were pastors of large churches in the big cities. They were making a great success of their parishes when the call came from the men in the camps to come and serve them. Others were working in small parishes in country places or in the mountains or in villages when they began to realize the needs of the boys in the Army. They went to their bishops and they volunteered. They knew full well the difficulties that lay ahead of them. They knew that they would have to live in rough and rugged places, that oftentimes they would have to take what rest they could get on the ground and under the sky, that they would be expected to go where their men went, whether it was in the face of withering fire from enemy guns or through humid, steaming jungles that held enemies as fearful as the bullets of the opposing guns. They knew all this, yet they volunteered. They formed the chaplains corps, and they received the support of the government.

**A** PRIEST starts off in the army as a First Lieutenant. But before he actually begins his work in a camp, he must go through a period of training. Recently a school was opened at Harvard university known as the chaplains' school. The Sunday edition of the Hearst papers gave a writeup to this school a few weeks ago. But the Hearst papers did not say all. The purpose of the school is to harden the men against the hardships of the future. A man cannot follow the troops into the jungle if he is soft and weak. He must be just as hard as the soldiers themselves. Many priests did not have much chance for exercise in their civilian life. They were so busy with sodalities, financial problems, the administration of the Sacraments and the direction of their schools that they simply had no time for calisthenics, long walks or ball-playing. The fat gathered and remained where it had gathered.

The chaplains school is bent on removing all excess fat and in giving elasticity to all unused and tender muscles. To this end the priests drill in formation several hours every day. They are put through the very same training as are the draftees who come into the Army from offices and colleges. The first drill begins at six o'clock in the morning and carries on for half an hour. The second drill begins at one thirty and carries on for a good two hours. The third drill begins at the beginning and the end of every class period. The priests are not allowed to go from one building to another just as they desire. They must form ranks,

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and they must march along in step, with lynx-eyed sergeants at their side to see who is out of step, who is not making the turns correctly and who is not swinging his arms six inches to the front and three inches to the rear. Woe betide the man who fails in any one of these requirements or in a dozen others which are just as essential to a well-trained unit.

But drilling is not all that the chaplains do in the Chaplains' School. Most priests know very little about the Army. Their studies have been concerned almost entirely with philosophy, theology and the liberal arts. How a man can defend himself against a gas attack was the least of his troubles in the cultivation of his mind. But all that is changed now. For the time-being he lays aside his ponderous tomes of theology and Scripture and takes up the manuals that are issued by the War Department and which deal with all the problems that are proper to the safety and success of an attacking or defending Army. He studies these carefully; he attends half a dozen classes a day; he even goes out into the field and works out problems that may arise in actual combat. Of course, all the study that he does has an eye to his own particular work in the Army. Nevertheless, it touches a great number of things that every soldier learns as soon as he is inducted.

THE Chaplains' School is a real military setup. It has its Commanding Officer who is the head of the school, its Executive Officer who is the first assistant of the Commanding Officer, and its Adjutant who acts in the name of the Commanding Officer in all routine matters. Such is the organization of every camp in America and out of America, be it large or small. Furthermore, the Chaplains' School is ruled according to strict military law. If any one of the men attending the school has the hardihood to get himself into trouble, he will be made to appear before the Courts-Martial, just as would any other officer who committed a breach of Army Regulations serious enough to demand a trial. The mere fact that a priest has anointed hands, or that he has had in his hands out in civilian life a huge organization to direct and maintain, or that he is a profound scholar and an outstanding preacher — this fact does not give him exemption from the exactions of military law, once he has taken the oath as an officer in the Army of the United States. He will be judged according to the facts, strictly, impartially. A priest who is fat and forty does not escape the drill because he is fat and forty. Neither does a priest who is famous and learned escape a court trial

in the Army if he deserves a court trial.

The course at Harvard lasts four weeks, and when it is over a sigh that is almost audible ascends from the various corners of the campus where the chaplains are assembled. But the course is not absolutely over until a parade has been held in the streets of Cambridge for the edification of the natives, and until a graduation exercise has been held in Sanders Hall. The band plays, speeches are made, the finished products are praised, and amidst much merriment and good wishes the graduates go off to their various appointments.

**F**OR many of them the sigh of relief at the thought that the hardest part of Army life is now past is a bit premature. They arrive at camps that are just being built, and for some time they cannot decide whether they are chaplains of a building project or of a unit of soldiers. The chapels are not yet finished, with the result that the newly-arrived priests have no office wherein they can carry on their business. They see the C.O. about their predicament, and he assigns to them the store room of an empty mess hall, or the front end of an empty barracks. There it is that the Chaplain meets the men who come to him with all the trials and troubles that have haunted men since the fall of Adam and Eve. Neither has he a room of his own in which to sleep. The Officers' Quarters are still abuilding. Thus he must secure a bed some place in the camp, haul it into an open barracks, and make the four feet allotted him his residence until the construction work is finished. And because there are not enough chaplains to serve the whole camp, he must rush from one end of the place to the other if he is to get the Sacraments and such advice as he can give to those who need the Sacraments and his advice most.

He has to pick out the best place that he can find for his daily Mass; and that place will generally be an unused mess hall. He will use the counter, over which the dishes will eventually pass, when the building is put into use, for his altar; and the soldiers who come to hear Mass will be like the three kings who came from afar once upon a time to see the new-born King in Bethlehem. Yes, it will look a great deal like Bethlehem. But it is certain that the King who is born again in this second Bethlehem will be just as pleased with his new shepherds and his new kings from afar as He was with the first shepherds and the first kings those nineteen hundred years ago when He lay in a manger and had only a little straw to cover Him against the cold. And that will be the conso-

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lation of the chaplain who in his dreams had expected so much and in reality found so little.

Nor will that be all. After he has got settled, he will receive an order telling him that he is expected to attend the classes and the drill that take place every morning for the filler officers — the ones who will train the raw recruits when finally they arrive. This period will be the most fascinating for him. Each morning he will begin at a quarter to eight; and he will continue until a quarter to twelve. By the time he is finished, there will be nothing that a soldier knows that he does not know too.

All this hardship and all this drilling and studying are good for the chaplain priest. When the young men fill up the camp, and undergo their basic training, they will have an infinite number of difficulties and sorrows. They will be homesick, they will be frightened. The priest will be able to assist them to accept any hardship that comes along, for he shall have been through it all himself. And when danger comes to his regiment, then shall he prove himself not only the priest but the soldier also.

**A** GREAT blessing should come upon our government for the way it is supporting the important things of the spirit. A great blessing is coming upon our government. That blessing will be not only winning the victory over our enemies. It shall be — *winning the peace.*

### Retorts to Hitler

The fearlessness and integrity of the German and Polish bishops in the face of Hitler's attacks on the Church are illustrated by the following well-authenticated stories:

An emissary of the government approached 80-year-old Cardinal Bertram and said:

"Your Eminence, you are getting old. Don't you think that you should have a coadjutor?"

"Tell Hitler," was the reply of the Cardinal, "that I am still young enough to be sent to a concentration camp."

The other story concerns Archbishop Stanislaw Gall of Warsaw, who died recently. At the height of the German occupation terrors, an envoy of the German Governor Frank approached the Archbishop with promises of the splendid future of the Catholic Church in cooperation with the German government. In order that this future be guaranteed, there was only one condition: the Archbishop should issue a pastoral letter to all Poles, calling on them to be obedient to the German authorities. But Archbishop Gall replied, with simple dignity: "I am a disciple of Jesus Christ, but I am not a Judas."

## THE PATRIOTIC SPIRIT OF MRS. McHUGH

Here follows the simple story  
Of Mrs. Mortimer J. McHugh's attempt to win fame and glory,  
And how it almost failed because of her abundant supply of self-determination,

Which she would not stand for being curtailed, or even put on ration.  
Now when the war broke out, Mrs. McHugh, like every other loyal citizen, wanted to do her duty,

She felt willing to sacrifice her very life for her country, her comfort, and even (though not overendowed with it) her beauty.

She therefore made up her mind to join the Women's Auxiliary Army Corps;

It seemed quite a useful and important work, and besides, the WAAC uniform was quite natty, which is also important in time of war.

Her husband and 15-year-old son of course objected—but not too strenuously—to their fate

Because, knowing Mrs. McHugh over a period of years, they were well aware that their objections never at any time carried very much weight.

So one day Mrs. McHugh boarded the train, and her bosom friends wept and told her that she was showing quite a bit of nobility,

And the good lady felt her bosom swell with pride and she had roseate dreams and she expected to meet with absolutely no hostility.

Well, the sad truth is that Mrs. McHugh right from the first day at camp didn't find things quite to her liking.

She had to take orders, and the ability to take orders was one thing the absence of which in Mrs. McHugh was quite striking.

Looking about her, Mrs. McHugh thought she saw room for improvement, and she made suggestions with a slight tinge of acidity,

Which, to her amazement, were received by her commanding officer with more than ordinary frigidity.

Private McHugh grew more and more annoyed at such an intolerable situation,

But one day when she spoke her mind during drill, she was roughly assigned to K.P. duty, and this was the crowning humiliation.

Therefore she learned to obey commands without question or hesitation.

Even though the inefficiency of her superiors made her fear for the welfare itself of the nation.

And what has become of Mrs. McHugh since these things happened we don't know, but merely in passing it might be stated

That whereas in some quarters war is considered to be an evil unmitigated,

This saying will be entirely disproved

If by her experiences Mrs. McHugh is moved

To be a little more tolerant of others, a little less autocratic,

And about her own opinions a little less tenacious and emphatic.

—L. G. Miller

## PATRONS FOR DECEMBER

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Recently we became aware that many people do not know the official patroness of the United States. She is so worth knowing that this article should be missed by no one.

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### PATRONESS OF THE UNITED STATES

(*Our Lady of the Immaculate Conception, December 8*)

**T**WO THOUSAND years from now it is likely the full story of our country will be told. The glories of our youthful nation will be added up and listed by fascinated historians. The last line will read: "And the Mother of Jesus was there." That sentence of St. John contains the key to the story yet untold — the story of the United States, the Land of Our Lady.

The Western hemisphere has always been strangely drawn by love of the Blessed Virgin. Mexico, the Philippines, and most of former new Spain still cling to Our Lady of Guadalupe as their principal patroness. Paraguay, Uruguay, Brazil, and Argentina honor Her under the title of Our Lady Immaculate of Lujan. The patroness of Canada is St. Anne, the Mother of the Blessed Virgin. But the United States tops them all. Our country invokes Mary by her grandest title, a title upon which all others depend: The Immaculate Conception.

Our Lady has written with the hand of love on every page of American history. Even in the pre-pioneer days She was here. An American document carved in stone dating back to the year 1362 tells in graphic words of an Indian massacre in the present State of Minnesota, and it contains the piercing, vehement prayer of the surviving Vikings: "Hail Mary! Save us from evil." One hundred and thirty years later the tiny ship "Holy Mary" (Santa Maria) brought Columbus to America. Every night that great Admiral and his sailors chanted the "Hail Holy Queen." The chivalrous Spanish explorers included their Lady in every triumph of blue blood and Leather Jacket. In 1760 the Spanish king announced to the world something the world had known for centuries, namely, that all his possession — and therefore half of our present country — was dedicated to Mary the Immaculate Virgin.

The nation's builders also loved the Immaculate Virgin. She was their Queen and inspiration. To limping Junipero Serra she was "La

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Conquistadora" (The Conquering Lady); to Saint Isaac Jogues, "the purest Virgin"; to Father Marquette, "his life's ideal"; to Father De Smet, "The help and Refuge of Indians." In 1634 when English Catholics dropped anchor in Chesapeake Bay, they named it the "Bay of the Mother of God." They landed on the Feast of the Annunciation and called their colony — the most democratic of the colonies — Maryland. Later, the Puritans could accuse the Marylanders of rallying to a still popular battle cry: "Three cheers for Saint Mary!" Daniel Sargent's *Our Land and Our Lady* contains a treasury of similar historical data.

The American Bishops in the Sixth Provincial Council of Baltimore in 1846 finally and solemnly dedicated the entire nation to the Immaculate Conception: "We . . . place ourselves and all entrusted to our charge throughout the United States, under the special patronage of the holy Mother of God, whose Immaculate Conception is venerated by the faithful throughout the Catholic Church." This dedication took place eight years before the actual *ex cathedra* definition of the dogma of the Immaculate Conception!

The dogma itself was proclaimed by Pope Pius IX. Time and eternity will ever salute him as the "Pontiff of the Immaculate Virgin." In 1854 he pronounced and defined that "the Most Blessed Virgin Mary in the first instant of her conception, by a singular privilege and grace granted by God, in view of the merits of Jesus Christ, the Saviour of the human race, was preserved free from all stain of original sin."

Our Patroness is the Virgin "clothed with the sun, and the moon under her feet, and on her head a crown of twelve stars." No wonder, then, we have a National Shrine in Washington, D. C., dedicated to the Immaculate Conception. It is reason enough why Notre Dame University, the Catholic University of America, and a host of schools and churches glory in the name and patronage of the Immaculate Conception. Religious orders give their lives to the honor of her name and the spreading of her glory. All over the land rise the prayers of countless novenas at favorite shrines of Mary.

History marches on! December 7, 1941, the Japanese war machine struck down American soldiers and sailors without declaration. The next day, the Feast of the Immaculate Conception, the United States declared war and committed herself to the greatest struggle in the

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memory of man. In World War II our Patroness is the first love of every Catholic priest, nurse, and serviceman. At the request of Archbishop Francis J. Spellman, His Holiness Pope Pius XII recently designated Our Lady of the Immaculate Conception as Patroness of the Military Ordinariate of the United States. The Holy Father speaking through the Sacred Congregation of Rites said special heavenly help would thereby be given to American soldiers and sailors in the dangers of war. That is why Bishop O'Hara, the Military Delegate, pleads with civilians to pray to Mary Immaculate, and urges the use of the indulged prayers: "O Mary, conceived without sin, pray for us who have recourse to thee," and "Blessed be the Holy and Immaculate Conception of the most Blessed Virgin Mary, Mother of God."

Our Patroness is a sure pledge of Victory. She is an unfading glory of America. Always She has been with us, always to be with us, never to fail because a mother's love is undying!

But therein lies our shame. We have too often proved unfaithful to our Mother. What devotion we have is half-hearted, a weak, sickly devotion to be put aside until time of trouble. Our lives are not a lesson to the world. And most of all, we outrage that virtue She prized most highly; yes, the virtue of purity. National purity has been destroyed by flagrant immorality on stage and screen, by filth in print, by naturalism in education, by downright murder and birth-prevention in marriage.

We do not deserve our Mother's undying love, but we shall always have it. We do not deserve her perpetual help, yet she will not fail her land in the tragedy of war. "Immaculate Queen of Peace, pray for us!"

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### OTHER PATRONS FOR DECEMBER

- December 1: St. Eligius: Bishop; Patron of goldsmiths, locksmiths, and metal-workers.
- December 3: St. Francis Xavier, S.J.: Patron of missions and the Propagation of the Faith.
- December 4: St. Barbara: Virgin and Martyr; Patroness of architects, artillery-men, prisoners of war, stonemasons, happy death, powder magazines, fortifications, weapons of war; invoked against fire, thunderstorms, impenitence and sudden death.
- December 4: St. Anno: Bishop; Patron against the gout.
- December 6: St. Nicholas the Great: Bishop; Patron of mariners, merchants, pawnbrokers, barrel makers, travelers, bakers, and brewers.

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- December 6: St. Robert: Abbot; Patron against locusts.  
December 7: St. Ambrose: Bishop; Patron of bees and waxchandlers.  
December 8: Our Lady of the Immaculate Conception: Patroness of the United States.  
December 10: Our Lady of Loreto: Patroness of aviators.  
December 10: St. Eulalia: Virgin and Martyr; Patroness against drought.  
December 12: Our Lady of Guadalupe: Patroness of Mexico, and the Philippine Islands.  
December 13: St. Lucy: Virgin and Martyr; Patroness against sore eyes, sore throat, epidemics, and hemorrhages.  
December 13: St. Odilia: Virgin; Patroness against blindness and sore eyes.  
December 15: St. Urbicius: Patron against drought.  
December 17: St. Lazarus: Bishop; Patron of grave-diggers.  
December 21: St. Thomas: Apostle; Patron of India and builders.  
December 25: St. Anastasia: Matron and Martyr; Patroness of weavers.  
December 26: St. Stephen: First Martyr; Patron of stone-masons.  
December 27: St. John: Apostle; Patron of writers and of Asia Minor.  
December 28: The Holy Innocents: Patrons of foundlings.  
December 29: St. David: King and Prophet; Patron of poets and musicians.  
December 29: St. Thomas of Canterbury: Bishop and Martyr; Patron of builders.  
December 29: St. Anthony of Ravacha: Patron of those in need.

### The First Christmas Tree

The Christmas tree, according to a beautiful legend, came to be a sign and token of that great feast in Northern Germany, where St. Winfrid was preaching Christianity to the fore-fathers of the modern German pagans. It was the custom of the people to celebrate a pagan feast at the end of the year in which they gathered around a giant oak and practiced certain bloody and horrible rites. As they prepared to do this on one occasion, St. Winfrid fearlessly halted the ceremony, and with an axe proceeded to hew down the giant oak. The people stood around, wondering at his courage, and expecting their pagan gods to strike him dead for his temerity. But as the oak fell, a tall young fir tree appeared in its place. Then the saint said: "Behold this new tree, unstained by the blood of human victims. Behold how it points to heaven! It shall henceforth be called the tree of the Christ-Child. In future years you will not go into the darkness of the forest to hold your feasts with secret and evil rites, but you will celebrate the Christian feast of Christmas in your own homes. The day is coming when in Germany there will not be a single home wherein on Christ's birthday the whole family will not gather around the fir tree in memory of this day and to the glory of God."

## WAR AND CHRISTMAS

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An answer to those who pretend to be scandalized because Christmas, the feast of peace, comes while the world is at war.

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D. F. MILLER

TO THE unbeliever and the cynic there will be something ironic and contradictory about the words that herald the coming of Christmas this year: "Peace on earth to men of good will." "For 1900 years," the cynic will say, "the birth of your Christ has been celebrated over and over again; for 1900 years His name has been preached and praised as the one name that would bring peace to the world. And today, as He comes, the whole world is at war. His announcement of peace cannot be heard for the clash of arms, the din of bombs, the death-cries of thousands and the weeping and wailing of mothers who have lost their sons. Where is the peace that His coming so often promised to the world?"

It is necessary that we take cognizance of such words as we approach Christmas this year. It is necessary that we all begin by doing that which the cynic and unbeliever have never done, that is, by bowing our heads in penance and sorrow before the *condition* of peace laid down by Christ which the world (and all of us in our measure) have not fulfilled. "Peace on earth," says the new-born Saviour through His angels, "to men of *good will*." For the answer to the cynic and unbeliever, the answer to the still abiding restlessness of all human hearts, the answer to the troubles of the whole warring world, is to be found in those words; and the inner and outward mark of men of good will is the virtue of humility. Because we have not known humility, we have not deserved the peace Christ wanted to give to the world.

Humility is rightly defined (too many define it wrongly) as a profound submission on the part of man to God as the Creator and ruler of all things. It is the acceptance on the part of men of what God decrees; it is the fulfillment of what He commands; it is the remembrance of His power and His rights and His authority; it is the persistent sense in the mind of man of his absolute dependence on God. In how many men of the modern world do we find this virtue mani-

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fested? Not, for example, in the 65 million men and women of the United States who live pagan lives, which means lives that manifest no recognition of the truth that there is a God. Not in the lives of all those who admit that in theory there is a God, but who say that in practical affairs one may create one's own laws, and obey no command that does not please the lower nature of a man. Not, specifically, in the thousands who practice birth-control even though they go to church; not in the many who grow rich by injustice even though they are eminently respectable and generous contributors to the cause of religion; not in the scores of politicians who publicly favor and patronize religion, but privately take every penny of graft they can lay their hands on. Humility means submission to God and His laws, even when it means poverty and want, obscurity and infamy, yes, and persecution and death in preference to disobedience to God's laws. The sad thing is that Christ in His coming into the world teaches this lesson so well, and that men will not believe.

On Christmas Christ teaches the lesson of humility as submission to God even as He lies on the straw of the manger in the stable. He is truly God, yet He is born on Christmas night in obedience to the will of His Father. "At the head of the book it is written of me that I shall do Thy will, O God." He is carrying out prophecies that had been written hundreds of years before, because His Father willed it. He is submitting to the human representatives of God, Mary and Joseph, because the Father willed it. He is wearing the cloak of poverty, of pain, of want, of sacrifice that sin deserves, because the Father willed that He represent the sinner and show him how obedience to God is the only means of obtaining mercy and redemption. We are all the sinners whom He represented; we are all infinitely more dependent on God than the Infant Christ. We need to take the lesson taught by Him out of the crib and to inscribe it in our lives; to go out into the warring world with the words flaming from our lips: "At the head of the book it is written that I am come to do Thy will, O God!"

The Mother of the Infant Christ teaches the same lesson. Every mother has a will of her own. Mothers want comfort for their children. Mothers want warm clothing and neat houses and clean bright cradles for their children when they are born. Mary wanted all these things. She had dreamed of them. She would have slaved for them. But a

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higher will, God's will, had decreed a stable for a house, and the footbands from the sweating feet of Joseph for clothing, and the straw of a manger for her child. And not for one moment did Mary set her will and her dreams against God. She had said: "Behold the handmaid of the Lord; be it done unto me according to Thy word." We too want many things. We have wanted comfort and pleasure and riches and fame. We have wanted them against God's Will; we have wanted them too long; we have counted sin nothing if only we could gain our desires. That is why there is war today; this war is only the voice of God saying to us: "It is time to come back to your senses; it is time to put off your pride; it is time for all men to say like Mary: "Behold the handmaid of the Lord; be it done unto me according to Thy word!"

Even the shepherds who were the first to adore Christ in the stable teach the lesson of humility. "Fear not, but obey," said the angel, "you will find the infant wrapped in swaddling clothes and laid in a manger." They did not argue and discuss. They did not say, like modern scientists before the war: "A saviour? Who needs a saviour? We can save ourselves." They heard the command, and down the pathways of the hills they streamed to adore Him and give Him their fidelity and devotion. It must be the same with us; too long we have waited; too long we have expected science or pleasure or money to take the place of God and give us peace; too long we have depended on lust and greed and selfishness and forgetfulness of God. Now is the time to find the Infant; to find out that He is God, and to obey Him even unto death!

This is the lesson of Christmas. This is all the lessons of Christmas combined into one. This is the means of peace, the end of war, the salvation of mankind. This is the lesson Christ came to teach the whole world, that all strife and war may cease. Now is the time, in the midst of the harrowing experiences of war, in the midst of the raining death and broken homes and frustrated loves that war has caused, for all men to bow their heads, and enter the stable and kneel before the Infant Christ who is the Son of God, and prove that they are "men of good will." Now is the time when we are all but forced to repeat the words: "Behold the handmaid of the Lord. Be it done unto me according to Thy word. . . . At the head of the book it is written of me that I must do thy will, to suffer for Thy will, to die for Thy will, if need be, O God." For all who speak thus it will be a happy Christmas — happy

with the peace that the world cannot take away and the wars of the world cannot disturb, because it has its foundations in the unchanging Fatherhood of God. And this is the peace in the individual hearts of men which can bring about a just and lasting peace in our storm-tossed world.



## PRAYERS FOR WAR-TIME

(These prayers are so printed that they may be clipped from this page and carried in your prayer-book and recited frequently. Each month during the war approved prayers from different sources will be printed in this way.)

### FOR ALL

Most Holy Lord, our Redeemer and Saviour, look down with favor upon us Thy people and upon our nation, now afflicted with the terrors of war. Protect us, we pray, against temptations to weakness; strengthen our resolutions; and give us courage to persevere through hardships and sorrow. Remove from our souls all hateful thoughts and sinful desires; make us worthy of the victory for which we pray.

We humbly acknowledge the grievous sins by which our country has offended Thee. We confess to widespread greed and selfishness and religion. We implore Thy forgiveness and Thy mercy. We promise to do penance, offering to Thee our sacrifices and prayers, not only for ourselves but for all the people of the country, especially for those who know Thee not.

We ask Thee, O Lord, to extend Thy protecting arm over our loved ones who this day are far from home, fighting for our country's honor and security. May they be faithful to Thee. Bring them back to us, we beseech Thee, unharmed in body and soul.

For the souls of the faithful departed we pray, especially for those who have given their lives in this present war. Have mercy upon them; give them peace and light eternal.

To the cause of liberty and justice, we

dedicate our efforts in the war; to the spread of Thy Kingdom, we will consecrate such victory as is permitted us. And to Thee be all praise and thanksgiving, who with the Father and the Holy Ghost liveth and reigneth, one God, world without end. Amen.—Authorized for public worship in the diocese of Salt Lake City by Bishop Duane G. Hunt.

### FOR BOYS IN SERVICE

O God, I beseech Thee, watch over those exposed to the horrors of a soldier's, sailor's or airman's life. Give them such a strong faith that no human respect may ever lead them to deny or fear to practice it. Do Thou by Thy grace fortify them against the contagion of bad example that being preserved from vice and serving Thee faithfully they may be ready to meet death wherever it may happen.

Most Sacred Heart of Jesus, inspire them with sorrow for sin and grant them pardon. Mary, Immaculate Virgin Mother of God and our own loving Mother of Perpetual Help, be with them in battle, and should they be called upon to make the supreme sacrifice, obtain for them that they may die in the grace of Thy Divine Son. St. Joseph, pray for them. May their Guardian Angels protect them. Amen.

IMPRIMATUR: Hugh C. Boyle,  
Bishop of Pittsburgh.

## **THOUGHT FOR THE SHUT-IN**

**L. F. HYLAND**

### **SPIRITUAL MEDICINE**

It is necessary, when ill, to take the medicines that are prescribed for a cure. Some of these medicines are difficult to take because the taste is very bad. Some do not really cure but only render less painful the disease that is being endured. Some are experimental because no one but God knows exactly what the trouble is.

No matter how excellent a prescribed medicine may be, its value will be slight unless with it, regular doses are taken of the spiritual medicine that faith provides. This medicine is different; it is never experimental; it always works on the soul, and very frequently it assists or cures the body as well.

One of the best kinds of spiritual medicine that should be taken in illness is that of prayer. It can be taken in many forms. There is the capsule form, very easy to take because all it requires is that the Shut-in say a little ejaculatory prayer now and then during the day. There is the liquid form in which it is sipped from a large full glass and made to last many minutes. It is taken in this form when a rosary is recited or when some other formal prayer is slowly and thoughtfully said. Perhaps strangest of all about this medicine is that it can be taken by another and still help the Shut-in: Friends can pray for one, if asked, and every prayer will bring an added grace and new help for the bearing or cure of suffering.

An excellent habit for the Shut-in to adopt is that of using every occasion when some kind of material medicine must be taken as a reminder that it is time to use some spiritual medicine as well. Before and after swallowing an aspirin or a sulfa-nilamide tablet or a capsule of any kind he should say an ejaculatory prayer. While sipping the distasteful tonic he should keep his thoughts on something else by reciting a decade of the rosary. And while accepting the ministrations of nurses and attendants to the diseased body, he should ask God, by an act of contrition, to make more strong and healthy his sinful soul.

Thus soul and body will be simultaneously treated; and soul and body will be able to work together for a complete cure.

## WHY RUBBER IS RATIONED

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Commonplace things are not appreciated until they are taken away. So it is with rubber. Here is the story of rubber's origin and development—and also of its shortage today.

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R. G. PALMITER

A FEW years ago one of our leading latex plants received an order from Hollywood for several cans of specially compounded liquid rubber. Along with the order came the following explanation: "We used latex on Akim Tamiroff's eyelids to give him a Chinese make-up in *The General Died at Dawn*. To keep Claudette Colbert dry in *Midnight*, even her silk stockings were waterproofed. We used rubber axes in *Union Pacific* and rubber alligator heads to snap at Bob Hope in *The Cat and the Canary*. Now we have to produce a saber cut on Ronald Colman's face for *The Light that Failed*."

In order to complete this picture of commercialized deception we must mention that James Cagney set his studio back some \$500, demanding a rubber cactus to "ease the brunt of his histrionic endeavors." A huge quantity of sponge rubber weighing only a few pounds was strapped to the back and shoulders of Charles Laughton for the *Hunchback of Notre Dame*. Myriad rubber cob-webs sprayed from a gun here and there about a mine setting got in the hair of *The Jones Family in the Grand Canyon*. 600 rubber horses 7 inches high furnished the ultra-realistic action for the immortal *Charge of the Light Brigade*.

Such insignificant uses as these for rubber give but a faint inkling of the true value of the most versatile of all vegetable products. Less than 150 years ago rubber had no commercial value whatsoever, and 500 years ago it was absolutely unknown to the civilized world.

However, natives of Brazilian jungles recognized the value of rubber long before Columbus made his second voyage to the New World. That was nearly 500 years ago; and it was then that Herrera, a member of Columbus' party, saw the inhabitants of Haiti play a "game with bouncing balls." Spanish explorers, too, hit the remarkable rubber trail in Mexico about this same time, 1521. The soft and sticky substance fascinated them. They found a certain romantic appeal in its fantastic

native name, *caoutchouc* (koochook), meaning "weeping tree"—the name applied by the Indians to express the fact that the trees wept when they were cut. The Mexican Indians made balls from the great white drops of these weeping trees; and on one occasion Emperor Montezuma entertained Cortez and his soldiers by employing these native "batos" in a skillful "sport called Tlachli, not unlike our tennis." These, "though hard and heavy to the hand, did bound and fly as well as our footballs," records a prominent Spanish historian.

Nearly a century later, in 1615, Torquemada mentioned a tree called by the Mexican Indians, Ulequahuital. Spaniards began at this early date to use the juice of this ulé tree to waterproof their cloaks. Over 200 years later, 1823, Charles Mackintosh was to patent a process which would give the impetus to future specialization in raincoats. But in Torquemada's day the natives were completely satisfied with their quaint rubber shoes, headgear and clothing. They even used surplus juice as medicine and drank it on occasion along with cocoa to stop hemorrhage.

**H**ISTORY puts rubber on the shelf for the next 150 years. At the end of that time it records the singular incident that gave rubber its English name. In 1770, Doctor Joseph Priestly, discoverer of oxygen, called attention in England to "a substance excellently adapted to the purpose of *rubbing* from paper the marks of a black lead pencil." A single cubical piece of half an inch sold for 3 shillings or about 72 cents, not surprising when we consider that at that time rubber was selling for as much as \$175 per pound. At that unbelievable price, today a set of tires for your car would cost \$3,000! Fortunately this second important commercial use for rubber was not discovered until the following century.

A Frenchman set the first solid rubber tire in motion in the year 1835. Before it reached the middle of the century it had been so perfected in England that no less a personage than Queen Victoria herself succumbed to its novel charms. Charles Mackintosh, a Scotchman, collaborating with the English inventor, Thomas Hancock, laid the first successful solid rubber to the wheel in 1846. Her Majesty's coaches were shorn of their iron tires and shod with rubber "to ease the bumps and relieve concussion on rough cobblestone roads."

While all England was agog over this new curiosity, another English inventor, Robert W. Thomson, was blowing up the first pneumatic tire.

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He patented his secret in 1845, less than 100 years ago, and described his invention as a "hollow elastic belt inflated with air, whereby wheels do at every part of their revolution present a cushion of air to the ground." Thomson's idea lay fallow for more than 40 years before it finally burst again into prominence.

In Ireland, 1888, John B. Dunlop, a veterinary surgeon of Belfast, entered his son in a local tricycle race, laced 3 inner tubes to the wheels of his cycle, set him off and eagerly awaited results. What happened to junior we do not know, but Daddy Dunlop won the laurels. For the next ten years his pneumatic tires adorned the wheels of bicycles; and the year 1898 marks the birthday of the colossal automobile tire industry. Thus rubber tire speculation really began only 44 years ago. It was 444 years ago that Peruvian explorers set the first spark to rubber speculation when they began hunting rubber in the mysterious wilds of the Amazon valley. Thus Brazil was the birth-place of rubber; for 400 years Brazil was the producing capital of rubber; but when rubber became really important, Brazil was robbed of her birthright. That story plays a large part in the rubber rationing of today.

About the year 1800 the valley known as the Amazon in the fervid jungles of Brazil began her reign of unprecedented prosperity. This was "boom" time for the inhabitants of the steaming wildernesses of Amazonia. Rubber-gatherers were getting such dizzy prices as \$2.75, and \$3.00 per pound for their "jungle gold." (Compared to the suicide price of 3c per pound obtained in 1932 and '33, this was indeed a gold mine.) Ports at Pará and Manáos, "Paris of the West," formed the setting for the tropical "black gold" rush of the early 19th century. It was during these years of plenty that the little Island of Conscience received its name. Men simply left their consciences there when they proceeded up the Juruá River, "because," said the ruthless rubber-gatherers, "conscience is a burden when one is buying bouncing gold from the Indians." All became rich—except the natives who were sweated and tortured, even the children!

**F**IRST historic exports from this land of plenty were rubber bottles, reaching our shores about 1810; and one pair of Indian rubber shoes sent to the United States in 1820. Three years later 500 pair arrived—no rights, no lefts, no sizes, after the custom of the natives who simply poured the raw material on their bare feet and let it dry

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there. In the peak year, 1830, of the rubber century, in spite of these bonanza times in Brazilian Amazonia, the whole world consumed only 156 tons of rubber. But the significant fact is that it was all from Brazil! Amazing, then, that today about 97 per cent of the whole world's supply comes not from the wild weeping trees of Brazil but from cultivated plantations in the Malaya Peninsula and the Dutch East Indies. What was the reason for this sudden jump of the world's market half way around the globe? Charles Goodyear and Henry Wickham will tell you the answer. The former made rubber practical, thus creating a demand; the latter made possible the complete fulfillment of that demand. Before these men rubber was actually considered a failure.

Charles Goodyear, born a Connecticut Yankee in the year 1800, was endlessly pursued throughout the 60 years of his life by the hound of bankruptcy. Early accepting rubber's challenge to man, he stuck to his profession as inventor through bitter trial and cold discouragement. Alone, undismayed, he tested his own achievements. Neighbors mocked him: "If you meet a fellow," they would say, "wearing a rubber cap, rubber stock, coat, vest and shoes and with a rubber purse without a cent in it, that will be Goodyear." Through 5 long years he actually mixed tons of different rubber compounds in his wife's saucepans; until one day after desperately rubbing his magic lamp he accidentally spilled some gum-elastic mixed with sulphur on the kitchen stove. The stuff became black and tough as leather! The heat had "cured" it and rendered it impervious to cold. No longer would the heat of summer melt it nor the cold of winter cause it to crack and harden. It was exactly 103 years ago, in 1839, that Goodyear thus harnessed his obsession. Though he finally achieved fame as "the Father of Vulcanization" and made possible the future astounding romance in the rubber industry, he died a failure, in a debtor's prison, insolvent.

Another unsung hero who changed the destiny of rubber throughout the world was Sir Henry Wickham—explorer, botanist, adventurer, soldier of fortune—who lived in the days of Queen Victoria. In 1876 he "smuggled" 70,000 "heavy oily seeds" of wild Hevea trees out of Brazil, "packed 'em like jewels," took them to London in an appropriated ship, the Amazonas, and had them planted in the Royal Botanic Gardens of Kew. Sir Joseph Hooker threw out rare orchids to make room for the rare gems in the \$2,000,000 glass house. At the end of two months 2,000 seedlings from Wickham's flourishing plants were shipped to the

Orient and there formed the nucleus of vast plantations in Ceylon, Malaya, and Singapore; also ultimately in Sumatra and Java among the Dutch East Indies. Sir Henry was soon knighted in England for his wonderful work, but the very name of Wickham is still hated in Brazil. About the time his "stolen" seeds were being planted in the Far East, a roving blight so devastated coffee lands that disheartened owners abandoned their coffee, sought solace and found profit in growing rubber. Some even tore out coffee plantations to make room for the new and precious commodity. Brazil, impoverished by this sudden wholesale transfer of the rubber market and by the general exodus of thousands of her native workers, found some slight compensation in supplying the market with coffee that the East had abandoned. But the day of reckoning for her former lavishness had finally dawned.

**W**HILE the English and the Dutch were working out their husky percentages in the stupendous rubber market, America herself was by no means sleeping. In the Spring of 1916 two Hollanders came over here to sell two vast tracts of land amounting to some 40 or 50,000 acres in far off Sumatra. Dynamic Goodyear Co. gambled for 20,000 and established her Dolok Merangir plantation. Her Wingfoot covers 40,000 acres or 64 square miles planted completely with high-yielding, bud-grafted crop. In 1925, forced by the high hand of Great Britain, Uncle Sam began building up plantations under the American Flag; 2,500 acres in the Philippines were stocked with the highest yielding buds obtainable from the East. In 1935, 4,000 of the best young buds from the Philippines were transplanted to a newly acquired plot of 2,800 acres near the Canal Zone in Panama. The very next year some of the Panama stock adorned 1,000 acres of abandoned banana land in Costa Rica. Firestone operates the biggest Hevea plantation outside the Mid-East: 70,000 acres in Liberia. These first rubber stepping-stones represent another adventurous chapter in the romance of rubber — the penetrating of jungles, building roads, bridges, railroads, and caring for thousands of native workers. America finally began to "produce her own rubber!"

Today the romantic past of rubber must fade before the tragic and pressing drama of the present. Today, in spite of the fact that over 8,000,000 acres of earth are planted in rubber, we are suffering shortage. And this at a time when preparedness demands rubber as a basic essen-

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tial for transportation and communication, for trucks, buses, tanks, airplanes and mounted guns. America did begin to produce her own rubber, but the fact remains that throughout the past century every pound of rubber our country used was virtually produced on *foreign* soil.

In the face of pressing need all eyes at home are turned either to wild rubber in Brazil, the establishing of plantations there, or to our own plantation crops of guayule, rabbit-bush, golden-rod, sorghum and other local rubber-yielding plants. Some advocate more detailed exploration of the Amazon jungles for the hidden lore of wild rubber trees. But such is slow and difficult. Lack of labor and lack of concentration of its 500,000,000 trees continues to hamper Brazil in supplying world needs. Some say: offer high enough prices and we will get wild rubber at once. But besides money, manpower is needed along with greater facilities for transportation. Others would have us take out an "insurance policy" immediately by establishing plantations on a grand scale over the 2,250,000 square miles in the Amazon Basin. But trees planted now would not begin to yield before 5 or 6 years.

**R**EAGING synthetics and our shorter-range rubber program, W. S. Farish, President of Standard Oil, admits "we are not yet out of the woods in this business," but he hazards the optimistic opinion that on the whole "synthetic rubber will be *better*" than the natural product. A program afoot assures a future output of 800,000 tons per year — Buna-S, Butyl and Neoprene.

Rubber-gatherers at home are urged to tap the vast reservoir of "reclaim," which should furnish from 350,000 to 500,000 tons a year at least for a couple of years. Though this "sick" or second-hand rubber has never before been used in high-grade tires, the fact remains that it *can* be used and must be used now if the present demand continues. (In 1940, out of 190,000 tons reclaimed, 12,600 went from our ports to other countries — especially, along with other "waste" material, to JAPAN!)

All of which indicates but one thing: that the future of rubber promises to be most interesting, at least in so far as new discovery and experimentation is concerned. But that's nothing new for *Rubber!*



In running their race, men of birth look back too much —  
which is the mark of a bad runner.—Bacon.

## GIFT FOR CHRISTMAS

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There are many types of Christmas presents. This is the story of a very precious gift from heaven, which comes as a blessing in disguise.

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G. CORBETT

CHRISTMAS lists! I can imagine the crotchety old cynic who invented them leering in pure self-satisfaction as he contemplated the work of his hand. The Christmases he has utterly demolished are an eternal monument to his name. Just because Aunt Mildred or Uncle Jasper happened to slip off the roll-call somewhere between last Christmas and this, the Yule log burns less brightly and the joyous feast has become a hideous travesty. At times I feel the urge to start a movement for the complete annihilation of — but why fume? This thorn will continue to prick humanity long after these old bones have mingled with the dust.

But look at me! Not an insignificant box-score of unrelated relatives, not a half-dozen forgotten friends, but a couple of reams of manuscript! Think of it, friend, reams! That is the contribution of the St. Vincent de Paul Society to the happy holiday of the pastor of St. Bede's. I'd like to know what *you'd* think if *you* saw this stack of paper staring *you* in the face. Well, I know my thoughts; and I'll admit that they are not in accord with the spirit of the times.

Here, friend, are 150 families, well-tabulated, right down to the maternal grandmother and her own very personal aches and pains. All these families, if I can take the Vincent de Paul Society's (St. Bede Conference) word for it, are entitled to one (1) basket of groceries, one (1) bundle of old clothes, and one (1) visit (short) from the pastor of St. Bede's.

Well, it won't do to sit here staring at the pile of papers. That can't make them shrink one millimeter. No, not if I stared a hole clear through them and seared the desk pad.

BUT wait, Joe Gannon mentioned something about a problem. That's the added attraction every year, you know — the problem. No Christmas list is complete without one. But no originality has Joe. He

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ought to learn some new term for it — labyrinth enigma, charade. I'll have to speak to him about that.

And the problem? What would it be this year? Humph. Oh, here it is. Clearly written, succinctly stated, penetrating mind, Joe. Eh, what's this? 150 families; 47 baskets of groceries (mostly beans, I suppose); and 6 (six) bags of clothing. "Six" did you say, your reverence? Sure and I did. Six it is. Saints be praised, and who does the Vincent de Paul Society think this old pastor of theirs is? Houdini? A problem, is it? Looks like a clear case of mighty poor arithmetic to me.

Perhaps the brethren of the VdeP Soc. think that I can work miracles at the drop of the hat. Well, I'll scotch that idea in a hurry. I'll make a note of it.

Mmm, but I'll have to do something. It's a cinch Joe Gannon and the boys can't help me. Let's see.

I have it! Jackie Hammond! There's the man. Be glad to do it too, in spite of his millions. I'll appeal to our long standing friendship — that'll sound good. You know, I'm rather glad I had the foresight to room at College with a coming tycoon. Maybe, a few choice words on poverty and the spirit of poverty, which even the unfortunate rich can have, would be more to the point.

All right, Jackie, old boy, you'd better not fail me this time, or I know 103 Westport families that won't have Heinz's Special for Christmas dinner, if they have dinner at all.

Now where in high heaven is that 'phone number? Always complications. Here give me that book . . . Hurr — Hunckle, Hooligan, Hickson, Hagg, Hammond, John C.

Heavenly days! Your sanctimonious reverence, you're becoming as senile as your soutane. Jackie Hammond's been dead these three months! And you buried him.

And you were a fine spectacle at that funeral, with your tired old eyes running down the front of your waistcoat in a deluge of tears. Why, to this very day, you don't know why you were crying. True, Jackie was leaving half the poor in your parish without their Christmas dinner; and a lonesome old curé without a shoulder to weep on. But somehow I think you were crying, like the sentimental old dolt that you, are, because of the present Jackie Hammond got from the Infant just one year ago next Friday. . . .

**J**ACKIE HAMMOND stood near the running board of his car while I whispered a last few words of consolation to Mrs. Rowan. Hers was the last home we would visit today, and truly hers was the hardest visit to conclude. Mrs. Rowan was now a sad-eyed mother, much changed from the lively miss that had knelt for my blessing five years before. For within the shack, on the only decent bed, lay her husband Mike, a fine giant of a man once, now a mere shambles of skin and bones. Cancer was tearing at his entrails like a voracious crab pinching him into an agony of pain. Within a few weeks, I knew, his misery would end. His brave little wife and his three children would find the world a hard place without him.

As I approached the squat, plump figure on the curb, I knew by the moist glint in his blue eyes that my mission of mercy had not ended yet. Jackie loved these Christmas visits; they were as necessary to him as a drug. But invariably they stirred a train of conflicting emotions; they fanned into a roaring flame embers that lay smoldering all summer. I knew what was coming when I finally maneuvered my gout into position in the sedan.

"Tom," he said shyly and a little fearfully, "I wonder —"

"Now, wait a minute, Jackie!" My sharp tones stopped him in mid-air. "I know exactly what you're going to say." One becomes acquainted with the lines after twenty rehearsals. "No, your soul is *not* damned to hell-fire."

"But the Good Book says —"

"I know what it says and I know what you mean to tell me it says, How 'rather shall a camel pass through the eye of a needle, and so on.' Right?"

Jackie looked at me as if I were a mastermind. His eyes seemed to say, "You priests could see the grain under six coats of paint." However, he merely muttered, "Yes," and we rode on in silence.

Through the gloom of twilight came the red flash of a stoplight. Jackie applied the brakes carefully and we coasted up to a soft stop. Then he turned to me again.

"All that you say is correct." (I didn't think it worth the trouble to inform him that as yet I had said nothing.) "But rolling in money, with all that life can offer, a fine family, health, leisure; sometimes I feel like a ne'er-do-well, Father." (I didn't think that my favorite digression of the distinction between poverty and the spirit of poverty would appeal

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to Jackie. I had used it twenty times before on like occasions, and this was the result. So I held my peace.)

**T**HETHE car had started up again and Jackie's mind was free. He re-turned to the topic. "You might say that I'm not going to hell —"

"I *might* say! I'm more certain that you're going to heaven than that I am. No poor man in the world loves his money less than you. You support half of Westport with your charity. Do you think God will forget you when you haven't forgotten God's poor? Why, you poor fish, that rosary you say daily is a sure sign of your destiny."

Again Jackie was silent. He wasn't battling with the old verve and grace. He used to enjoy being the devil's advocate for the soul of John C. Hammond. Old age is getting the jump of him, I mused, and took to looking out the car window at the cottages draped in snow and gleaming with Christmas lights.

"Look at the pain and misery that poor Rowan family is suffering — and me. Why, Father, I haven't had a serious ache in ten years except for a little indigestion now and then. 'Whom the Lord loveth, —'"

"He chasteneth," I responded devoutly. And then it struck me. I don't know to this day what put the idea into my head. But there it was. It had crashed through my solid old cranium like a bolt of lightning, and I communicated the inspiration to Jackie.

"John, I've argued with you for well nigh twenty-five years, ever since you first made the grade in the business world. My arguments haven't had much success. No matter what I say, you're convinced that John Hammond is going to wind up stoking furnaces for Satan. Else, why should God let you be so happy, and others so miserable? Now here's what I want you to do, Christmas morning when you kneel before the crib, ask the Infant Jesus to give you a Christmas present, just to prove to you that what this old pastor has been telling you is true. You've given Him gifts in the person of the poor. I'm certain He'll not refuse you one in return."

"Fine idea! I'll do that," Jackie cried and stepped on the accelerator.

**T**HETHE twenty-third of January is a day indelibly impressed on my consciousness. For on the morning of that day Mike Rowan breathed his last. In the evening, a telephone call from Eileen Hammond sent me scurrying to St. Luke's Hospital, to find my Jackie. My mind

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was a confused jumble of apprehensions, my heart beat fast. A hospital was no place for a man who had confessed but a short time before that he had not had a serious ache in years.

Jackie's rotund, kindly face smiled at me from clouds of immaculate pillows and bed-sheets. His voice boomed as I entered the sick-room.

"Come in, Tom! I've got good news for you."

I mouthed an astounded "Out with it — quick!"

But Jackie had decided to play with this curious old codger. "I'll bet a plugged nickel you can't guess what it is!"

"Pretty generous for a millionaire, I'd say," I countered as my usual glibness returned. "But what in the world's the idea of all these trapings? You don't look like a sick man. You can't be with that smile on your face!"

"I knew you wouldn't guess what happened."

"Come now, let's start from the beginning."

"Sure, I'm willing. This is the most wonderful thing that ever happened to me, Tom. You remember your suggestion last month — that I ask the Infant for a Christmas gift?"

"Yes."

"Well, the Infant answered my prayer before I left the Church. I felt a terrible gnawing pain in my stomach, Tom, the worst ever. I could barely drive home. I began to vomit and faint. Eileen bounced me into bed, stacked a dozen blankets on me, and got the doctor. He diagnosed appendicitis quick as you could quote a text. So here am I in my kingdom!" He swept the room with a lordly gesture.

"Great Scott, man, why didn't you tell me?"

"I didn't want to get you excited till I was sure of the facts of the case. You see, God was giving me a bigger Christmas present than I even suspected. Read the chart down there." He waved at the foot of the bed.

I took out my spectacles and read the dreadful word CARCINOMA. I quickly scanned the rest of the line "Advanced: Prognosis Negative."

"God help you, Jackie! You've got cancer!"

A cloud passed over his face at the word. But in an instant the bright sunlight reappeared. "I'll be going home to the family tomorrow. There's nothing the doctors can do for me here. And — I've got a lot of training to do. I've got to pass through the eye of a needle — soon."

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## **FOR WIVES AND HUSBANDS ONLY**

**D. F. MILLER**

*Problem:* My husband seldom lets me handle any money that I can call my own. He pays all the bills that I contract for the home by check, and does not often complain about these. He also pays the bills for things I need for myself, although at times he shows or expresses displeasure over them. But apart from this I hardly ever see a dollar bill. Am I permitted to take a little money if I find that he has left some around, or even to take it out of his clothes?

*Solution:* At marriage a man enters into partnership with a woman, a closer and more binding partnership than any other that can be made between human beings. The result of this partnership is that they are bound to share not only those faculties that are involved in the procreation of children, but other things as well. Among those other things are their material possessions. The husband in the problem presented here probably thinks that he is sharing his things completely by the fact that he pays the bills. While this may be considered as a technical fulfillment of his obligation, it certainly is greatly wanting in spirit and understanding. The free use of material things is one of the greatest joys of ownership; if a husband deprives his wife of that, he is not sharing in the full sense of the word.

In this case it would not be stealing if the wife took a dollar bill from her husband's clothes once in a while. She shares its ownership and should to some degree share its arbitrary use. Cases of course may be found in which the wife is so foolish and childish in handling money that it would be the part of prudence not to let her have any at all. But such cases are rare and negligible. The wife has a right to pin money, i.e., money that she can use just as she pleases.

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## LADY IMMACULATE

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A sketch of the thrilling historical events that led to the defining of one of the most important doctrines of Catholic faith.

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R. J. SPITZER

**R**OME had seen floods of rain. For more than a week the gutters along the narrow streets had swelled and overflowed. Dirty rivers ran everywhere.

There was little hope, then, that Friday, December 8, 1854, would dawn bright and clear after such a welcome, but it did; and the two hundred Bishops from all over the world who had assembled for the solemn definition of the Virgin's Immaculate Conception, could wear their costly robes with a lighter heart.

Immense crowds jammed the huge Basilica of Saint Peter's on that December morning: priests and prelates in their habits and vestments; poor mud-spattered peasants from the fields and farms; titled lords and ladies, not merely from the Papal States but from other parts of Europe; rich and mighty; lowly and fearful. All their voices fused as one in the thunderous chorus that greeted the arrival of the great Pope Pius IX — *Viva il Papa, Long live the Pope!*

But these same voices were silent a short while later when the same Pope, after the Gospel of the Mass, arose to proclaim the object of the assembly. "By the authority of Our Lord Jesus Christ, of the holy Apostles Peter and Paul, and by Our Own authority," rang the solemn voice of the Pope, "We declare, proclaim, and define that the doctrine which holds that the Blessed Virgin Mary, in the first instant of her conception, was, by a singular grace and privilege of Almighty God, and in view of the merits of Christ, preserved free from every stain of original sin, has been revealed by God and therefore must be firmly and unwaveringly believed by all the faithful."

At the words "We declare" the Pope's eyes filled with tears — and his hearers wept with him. Then through the huge windows of the Basilica, the sun, hidden for so many days, smiled the rainbow of God's approval upon those thousands of tears.

That solemn moment was the climax of eighteen centuries of discussion and research, belief and strife. No Pope has it in his power

to invent a dogma of faith. The beliefs of the Catholic Church date back to the days of Christ and the Apostles; with the death of Saint John the Beloved, revelation binding the entire Church was closed and sealed. But just as a precious stone, buried for ages in the earth, does not find its way to the ring in the jeweler's shop except after the long and hard process of discovery, mining, refining, polishing and cutting, in a like way some Catholic dogmas revealed to the Apostles and preserved infallibly by tradition have not been recognized in their completeness until comparatively recent times. Such a doctrine was that of the Immaculate Conception.

**S**AINT AUGUSTINE ascribes three degrees or stages to the progress in knowledge of a dogma of faith. First there is peaceful possession, when the truth, known in a general way, is accepted with little or no question by all the faithful; then follows a state of controversy in which the doctrine seems doubtful to some learned men, who inveigh and even rebel against it—the ultimate result being a clarification of ideas and terms; finally comes definition by the Church, which infallibly decides how the truth is to be understood and believed. All these stages are verified in regard to the dogma of Mary's Immaculate Conception.

During the first ten centuries of Christian history, very few voices were raised against the truth of the Immaculate Conception. The faithful and the Fathers of the Church took the fact for granted and invoked Our Lady as the most pure and stainless Mother of God. Their praises of her purity are usually in the superlative; with her they associate no notion of sin. Their belief can be summed up in the passage attributed to Saint Augustine, that "there can be no question of sin when speaking of the Blessed Virgin."

Not until immediately before the rise of scholasticism was the doctrine of the Immaculate Conception vigorously and scientifically assailed by theologians; and then a saint who is acknowledged as one of Mary's greatest and most ardent devotees was most insistent in his denial of this privilege. This saint was Bernard of Clairvaux.

In 1140 the Canons of the Cathedral of Lyons in France had begun to celebrate, without any permission from ecclesiastical authority, the feast of Our Lady's sinless conception. When Saint Bernard heard of this, he struck his breast in holy horror and forthwith composed a

violent letter upbraiding the clerics and admonishing them to lay aside such ill-advised devotion. An analysis of this letter shows that the saint denied Mary this privilege not through any lack of love, but because he did not understand the physiological factors involved in the process of human generation.

Also in the front ranks of those who opposed the doctrine of the Immaculate Conception stand Saint Anselm of Canterbury, who is generally recognized as the first scholastic, and Alexander of Hales, one of the earliest and best known Franciscan theologians. The Seraphic Saint Bonaventure, though personally inclined to admit this doctrine, hesitated because the other side seemed more commonly taught in the theological schools.

There has been endless wrangling, doubt, and dispute among theologians in an effort to evaluate the position of Saint Thomas Aquinas, prince of theologians, regarding the Immaculate Conception. His teacher, Saint Albert the Great, evidently and emphatically denied it. While passages in Saint Thomas' earlier writings seem to teach Mary's immunity from original sin, later writings quite clearly state the opposite view. Protagonists for both sides have consequently enlisted the saint in their behalf, with a resulting confusion which may prevent his true mind from ever being known with certainty.

**A** SCOTSMAN who was born shortly before the death of St. Thomas has gone down in history as one of the most zealous defenders of the Immaculate Conception, so much so that his name was associated with and adopted by those who most strenuously held for it. He was a Franciscan monk called Duns Scotus — John the Scot.

At first Scotus was hesitant and ambiguous in his proposal of the doctrine. "God," he argued, "could have preserved the Blessed Virgin entirely from incurring original sin; or He could have left her in sin for a short time, or even for a long time. Which did he do? God alone knows. But if the authority of the Church or of Scripture is not against it, it is reasonable to attribute to her what is most perfect"— and therefore, he concluded, she was conceived without sin. Later, as his ideas became more clear, he insisted on his view with all his subtlety and eloquence.

The principal reason for the opposition of St. Thomas or at least of his interpreters to the Immaculate Conception was that the doctrine

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seemed to do away with the need of a Redeemer for Mary, whereas it is a certain dogma that Christ died for the salvation and redemption of all men without exception. Duns Scotus solved this difficulty by pointing out that there are two ways of being redeemed: One could be redeemed in the sense of being bought back from a state of slavery or servitude; or one could be pre-redeemed — prevented from ever becoming a slave. This latter sort of redemption he attributed to Mary; she was preserved from original sin in view of the merits of Christ's future passion, and hence did not escape the universal law that all men must be redeemed by Christ's blood.

Due mainly to Scotus' influence the doctrine of the Immaculate Conception became more widespread and popular; from his time it became associated with the Franciscans; and because, shortly after his death, the Franciscans used his arguments in a debate against a Dominican, it became customary to refer to the Franciscans and others who held for the Immaculate Conception as Scotists, and to the Dominicans and other opponents as Thomists. The battle between these two groups was one of the fiercest ever waged within the pale of the Church. In many ways it much resembled a modern political campaign, with name-calling, sarcasm, personalities, and the other embellishments of campaign oratory. Yet both sides were united in one faith and in almost all other important matters of dispute; and they were extraordinarily devoted to the Blessed Virgin.

At times the controversy raged so furiously that the Popes had to step in as referees and peacemakers. For instance, Pope Saint Pius V, a Dominican, condemned a proposition of Baius which maintained that Christ alone, and not the Blessed Virgin, was free from original sin; at the same time, however, out of fidelity to his religious brethren, he allowed "the learned" to discuss the pro's and con's of the Immaculate Conception, but "only in assemblies capable of understanding" (by which he meant in the first place Dominican communities), provided that there was no danger of scandal and that the opposite opinion would be respected. A little later, in 1618, Pope Paul IV forbade even public declarations that Mary was conceived in sin; in 1622 Gregory XV extended this prohibition to private discussions also, but for the sake of peace and the advancement of learning, he excepted the Dominicans, to whom he gave permission to continue discussing and disputing the matter, but only in the privacy of their own monasteries.

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FROM this it must not be concluded that the Dominicans as an Order denied the Immaculate Conception. There were, it is true, ardent opponents in its ranks, more conspicuous perhaps because better known. Cardinal Cajetan, to mention just one, held that it would be heretical to assert that the Blessed Virgin was preserved both from original sin and from the necessity of contracting it, while he admitted a "very, very slight probability" for the view that she was exempt merely from sin and not from the exigency of contracting it. Other Dominicans, however, following the lead of their founder Saint Dominic, who wrote a book in its defence, came out just as strongly in favor of the Immaculate Conception; even Cardinal Cajetan confessed that its defenders among his own confreres were "infinite in number."

Other religious orders likewise approved this teaching. The Jesuit Suarez declared it was "the universal sentiment of the faithful." The two Jesuit doctors of the Church, St. Peter Canisius in Germany and St. Robert Bellarmine in Italy, taught the doctrine in their catechisms. Commenting on the words of the angel Gabriel, *Hail, full of grace*, Saint Robert wrote: "Our Lady is full of grace. For as regards this first effect of sanctifying grace — to remove sin, Mary was not infected with even a breath of sin, whether original or actual, mortal or venial."

Though the Popes throughout these centuries did not define the Immaculate Conception as an article of faith, they sanctioned it in many ways. Sixtus IV enriched the feast with many indulgences, and condemned as false and erroneous the statements of those who should dare assert that there is anything offensive to piety or heretical in either the celebration of the feast or the profession of the doctrine. But most famous of all the decrees preceding actual definition is that issued by Pope Alexander VII on December 8, 1661; in this, besides renewing the declarations of Gregory XV, he forbade the publication of books against the Immaculate Conception, and proclaimed that the doctrine was "a pious opinion which almost all Catholics have already embraced." About thirty years later Pope Clement XI made the feast a holy day of obligation and extended its celebration to the universal Church.

Thus the stormy period drew towards its close. All the argumentation, boisterous shouting, genuine knowledge, zealous love and tender devotion which marked this stage could ultimately lead either to rejec-

tion of the doctrine of the Immaculate Conception as heretical or to its definition as a revealed truth of faith. But one last hurdle had to be climbed before this final solution: Jansenism. This was a heresy which sought to do away with Mary's privileges by teaching a cold, unattractive devotion in which the heart could have no say. It insisted that no perfection be attributed to the Blessed Virgin unless it had already been defined as a dogma by the Church, and therefore it stubbornly and violently ranted against the Immaculate Conception.

**T**HOUGH Jansenism originated in France, an Italian nobleman, Alphonsus Mary de' Liguori, saint, bishop and doctor of the Church, was the divinely appointed champion who almost single-handed challenged and fought and eventually defeated it. His most powerful weapons were a book of devotion to the Blessed Virgin, *The Glories of Mary*, and a manual of moral theology or guiding norms for the correct human conduct. Alphonsus defended the Immaculate Conception against all attacks; he proved that it had been maintained as a doctrine and practiced as a devotion since the earliest times. With his own blood he signed a vow to defend as true, even with his life, the teaching of the Immaculate Conception—"until the Church should decide otherwise." This same vow he prescribed for all priests in the Redemptorist Order of which he was the founder. On every available occasion he preached and wrote about the "most holy and immaculate Virgin." Thus by his learning and zeal he removed this last obstacle and prepared the way for final victory and definition. His successful efforts were the herald of the era of triumph.

The stormy days which preceded December 8, 1854, were a reminder of long centuries of controversy and strife. But the sun at last chased away the clouds, and a rainbow witnessed the peace.

### Puritan Christmas

Fortunate indeed we are that the Puritan idea of how to celebrate Christmas did not prevail. In the year 1644, when the Puritans were a power in England, Christmas was forbidden by an act of parliament; the day was to be henceforth a fast day, the shops were compelled to remain open, and plum puddings and mince pies were condemned as heathen.

## MOMENTS AT MASS

F. A. BRUNNER

### The *Agnus Dei*

After the priest has sung *Pax Domini sit semper vobiscum*, he once more covers the chalice and quietly prepares for his holy communion. The choir or congregation meanwhile sings the *Agnus Dei*: Lamb of God, who takest away the sins of the world, have mercy on us."

#### *Historical notes:*

The breaking of the bread in former days took a very long time. The loaves of consecrated bread were broken into tiny fragments by the bishops and priests who assisted the Pope at his Mass, and the particles were piously placed in linen bags held by acolytes. In the meantime, in order to occupy the interval, the singers intoned the invocation, *Agnus Dei*.

The introduction of this pretty triple antiphon is commonly ascribed to Pope Sergius I (687-781); at least he popularized its use against the opposition of the Council of Trullo. Pope Sergius was a Syrian by birth, and may have been influenced in his choice of a "confractory" chant—a hymn to accompany the breaking of the bread—by the oriental liturgies. In the liturgy of St. John Chrysostom, for instance, the priest, while dividing the host into four parts, says aloud: "The Lamb of God, the Son of the Father, is broken and sundered, broken and still not sundered, eaten and still not destroyed, but sanctifying all who receive him."

The *Agnus Dei* was repeated over and over again until the ceremonial of the fraction was completed. Not until the twelfth century, when the rite was simplified, was it limited to three invocations.

Originally the petition added was invariable, "have mercy on us." The words, "grant us peace" were a later interpolation, put in, according to Pope Innocent III (died 1216), at a time of great distress, apparently also during the twelfth century.

#### *Devotional notes:*

The touching apostrophe carries us back to the fifty-third chapter of the Prophet Isaiahs and to the story of the Ethiopian eunuch of Queen Candace to whom Philip the Deacon explained the passage, "Just as a lamb dumb before its shearer." We are also reminded of St. John the Baptist with his triumphant shout, "Behold the Lamb, who takes away the sin of the world."

Profound indeed is the mystery before us, of which the *Agnus Dei* chants. There lies the sacred host, broken, symbolic of the Lamb who is sacrificed for our salvation, to take away our sins and bring us that peace which was promised by the angel of Bethlehem's hills to men of good will.

## Side Glances

by The Bystander

Before the bystander lies a letter addressed by the "Committee for Constitutional Government" to "all members of the present and newly elected congress, editors of all daily, weekly, trade and professional press, radio commentators and other molders of public opinion." The letter begs all of us who are supposedly included in the above classes to raise up in wrath (after duly pointing with scorn and viewing with alarm) against the order that has recently been issued under the wartime powers of the president placing a ceiling on all individual salaries at \$25,000. The letter is a four-page document bristling with indignation, righteous fear, and dire threats against the decree. We have read through the document three times and find the following observations a burden on our mind.

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Nowhere in this tirade against the obviously wartime measure is there any hint given that these "defenders of democracy by means of uncelling and unlimited salaries" are conscious that we are at war, or that all freedoms are at stake in the war. The arguments that are advanced in an effort to force congress to force the president not to stop the unlimited salaries all read as if we were living in a time of happy-go-lucky peace, with things swinging along prosperously, the wheels of industry whirring, when out of a clear blue sky comes this thunderbolt of dictatorship, this crime crying to heaven, this robbery perpetrated against millionaires. Gentlemen! Gentlemen! Is it true that you dont know what is going on? Yesterday we saw a beautiful advertisement. It pictured a young father and mother and six-year-old child walking down a street barefoot. Their faces were glowing with smiles. Their manner was that of people set for anything. The caption beneath the picture quoted them as saying: "We can do without automobiles; we can do without shoes and stockings; but we can't do without our freedom." To you, gentlemen, I suppose that is all so much silly sentiment. To you freedom doesn't mean "doing without material things to save the spiritual" as the picture implied; to you there is no freedom save the freedom to accumulate more and more money. Even in a time of war, when you have more business than you had in peace, when it is your business to make guns and tanks and death-spitting airplanes to defend your country, you won't give up anything. You won't stand for being limited to \$25,000 a year, taxfree. Maybe our outlook is colored; maybe we do not know all the facts—but we do admit your appeal makes no sense to our particular brand of America-loving, Democracy-defending ideals.

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Again, nowhere in this letter of fears and apprehensions do we find any worry about those whose salaries are frozen at levels far below \$25,000, down to what would be pin money for the tycoons, a couple of

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thousand a year. Obviously you make democracy out to mean that there are two classes of people: those born to have their salaries frozen and those born to unlimited things. We do not accept that eternal division of men into a "have-too-much" class and a "have-too-little" class. We believe firmly in a gradation of rewards and compensations for services rendered even in time of war, but this is a little too much. The salaries under \$25,000 are not "less taxes"; and we have not yet received a letter from a committee of \$5,000 a year or \$2,000 a year people protesting against the sacrifices demanded in time of war. These people want freedom and are willing to pay for it; the "moneyed men" want it but want somebody else to pay for it. Again, we just don't get it.



The usual "red herrings" are used for arguments in defense of the opposition to the salary ceilings. It is said or hinted that the idea came to the president from the C.I.O., from the Communists, from Mrs. Roosevelt, from Karl Marx. Of course this isn't proved. Nor is it stated that the Communists, and all who go along with them, want a far greater paring of salaries than that, and want it in perpetuity. Nor again is it mentioned that this is promulgated as a temporary measure, a wartime necessity, a means to distribute sacrifices until we are all safe again. . . . There are also the "red herrings" of constitutional government being attacked, of all industry being hamstrung, of free enterprise stymied, of the development of new inventions made impossible. All this old stuff. It started with the Liberty League. It is the talk wherever rugged individualists foregather. It has no place in time of war.



We reiterate our own principles, lest they be misjudged or misunderstood from the above. We believe in free enterprise, but limited by the natural laws of justice and charity. We believe in gradation of wages according to merit and achievement, but not to the extent that some become millionaires while others do not receive enough compensation to live decently. We think that every man is entitled to a wage for himself and his family that will enable him to support his dependents in a better than merely hand to mouth existence, and if the millionaires have to give up some of their profits in order to ensure this, it is a part of justice itself that they do so. We detest Communism and all that savors of it. We also detest totalitarianism in any form, which includes the autocratic domineering of business by the State in ordinary circumstances. But in time of war, especially a war like that which we are fighting now, we believe that the State has the responsibility and the right to demand anything of its people that will save the nation. When the nation is saved, we believe the people themselves will see to it that the state hand back whatever extra authority it was given in the emergency that arose.

# Catholic Anecdotes

## SILVER LINING

**N**APOLEON is generally regarded as having been a cruel man, without much tenderness in his nature. Yet there are a number of stories, such as the following, which seem to reveal a different side to his character.

Many years ago the Archbishop of Bordeaux was called to visit a dying woman, the daughter of a French general. When he spoke to her he was rather surprised and greatly pleased to find that she had a wonderful grasp of the truths of religion. So striking was her knowledge that he was led to inquire who had instructed her in the catechism. The sick woman answered:

"Under God, I owe my religious instruction to the Emperor Napoleon himself. I was on the island of St. Helena with my family when I was ten years old. One day the Emperor called me to him and said: 'My child, you will be exposed to many dangers in the world. How will you be able to meet them unless you are well grounded in your religion? I will help to fulfill the obligation that rests on your parents. Come tomorrow and I will give you your first lesson.'

"For two years and several times each week the Emperor taught me my Catechism. Each time he made me read a lesson out loud, then he explained it to me. When I reached the age of thirteen, he said to me: 'I think that you are well enough instructed now. You should soon receive your First Communion. I will have a priest come from France, who will prepare you for that great action, and who will also prepare me for death.' And he kept his word."

## MOTIVE OF CHARITY

**V**ERA BARCLAY, noted Catholic writer, describes in one of her books an incident which took place when she was a child, and which left a deep impression on her mind.

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She was much attached to a friend of her family who was also her godmother, and this lady used to take the little girl with her on her errands of charity.

One day they visited a miserable little cottage, and as the child looked at the sick woman, she noticed and recognized the rich eider-down quilt on the bed as one which had belonged to her godmother.

When they left the cottage, the little girl asked:

"Why has she got your eiderdown?"

"Simply," was the reply, given with a smile, "because she was so cold, the poor woman."

### STEP-FILIAL LOVE

LINCOLN once received a \$500 fee for pleading a case successfully. A legal friend calling on him next morning found him sitting before a table upon which his money was spread out, counting it over and over.

"Look here, judge," said Lincoln. "See what a heap of money I've got from the Blank case. Did you ever see anything like it? Why, I never had so much money in my life before." Then crossing his arms upon the table, his manner sobering down, he said: "I have just \$500. If it were only \$750, I would go directly and purchase a quarter section of land, and settle it upon my old stepmother."

His friend said that if the deficiency was all he needed, he would loan him the amount, taking his note; to which Mr. Lincoln instantly acceded.

"But," said the friend, "if I were you I would not do what you are proposing. Your stepmother is getting old, and will not live for many more years. I would settle the property upon her for her use during her life-time. I would have it revert after her death to yourself."

With much feeling Lincoln replied: "I shall do no such thing. It is a poor return at best for all the good woman's devotion and fidelity to me, and there is not going to be any half-way business about it."

# Pointed Paragraphs

## ***Mistakes About Christmas***

As the world prepares for the coming of the Christmas season, it is sad to reflect that millions of people throughout the country will celebrate that great feast with the usual pomp and circumstance, they will give presents to a wide circle of relatives and friends, they will feel that strange glow of warmth and good fellowship which belongs to the holiday season, they may even go to their churches for the Christmas service, and yet they will not realize at all or only vaguely the true meaning and signification of the birthday of Christ.

They will not acknowledge first of all, or they will pretend not to acknowledge, that God really did become man — flesh of our flesh and blood of our blood. It is only a beautiful fable or fairy tale to them, and it means nothing to say that He gave Himself to us that He might save us from our sins. And therefore in all their giving of gifts, they will neglect the most necessary gift of all, the giving of themselves to God in return for His own generosity. And without the gift of self to God, all the generosity of which a man is capable is like a broken reed.

And many people will fail to realize at Christmas that the truest happiness does not lie in the possession of riches, but in poverty. How can such a strange saying be true? Because Christ, the founder of the feast, deliberately chose to be poor, and therefore anyone who would share to the fullest degree in His joy must also share in His poverty. This does not mean that the possession of earthly goods necessarily excludes one from full participation in the joy of Christ. He Himself said "Blessed are the poor in spirit," and even the rich can be poor in this sense, if they practice a genuine detachment from their possessions and a true charity towards the wants of their fellow-men.

And lastly many people will not realize at Christmas that its true meaning is spiritual. It was not merely for the purpose of spreading happiness on earth that Christ came, it was for the far nobler purpose of enabling us to ensure our future joy. Any Christmas celebration

which leaves out of consideration this essential truth must necessarily be hollow and insubstantial. And any celebration no matter how poor can be truly happy if that truth is recognized.

Catholics have the true meaning of Christmas at their fingertips, if only they will reach out and grasp it. What a pity if the great feast becomes for them also memorable only because of the tinsel and the turkey dinner!

### ***Freedom of Speech***

On Sunday, November 8th, a very interesting program came over the radio. Three or four men gave their opinions on various vital questions that are bothering the world today, and then argued with one another as to the proper answer to those questions. The program shaped up as a kind of informal debate, with a bit of acrimony creeping in from time to time to add spice to the proceedings. Most of the questions dealt with the war, either directly or indirectly.

However, by far the most interesting discussion was that which dealt with free speech. One man held that the principle of free speech is being violated today in America. The inference was that men should be allowed to talk as they desired, when they desired and to whom they desired, and the government has absolutely no right to step in and forbid them to do so. Then the fight began. It was pointed out that such a freedom was no freedom at all; that the war could be lost through too much talking and too much newspaper writing. After a great deal of wrangling back and forth, the conclusion was drawn that there is a difference between *opinion* and that which *incites*. An *opinion* may be expressed as often as one wishes to express it; but words that *incite* may not be expressed when one wishes to say or write them.

The distinction is fair. But there is a much better one. And the better distinction has been a part of the code of the Catholic Church from the beginning. It is in reality a part of the Natural Law. The Church has merely promulgated it. The distinction is this. A person may not say or write that which will in any way *unjustly* harm a third party, whether that third party be an individual or a government. It is a sin so to harm or injure. Thus free speech has limitations, and to know these limitations and to observe them is to practice virtue.

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### ***The WAACS and the WAVES***

The Waac and Wave question is still causing discussion pro and con amongst Americans. Should women be allowed to take part in an active way in the country's war effort? The Nazis do not seem to worry about whether or not a woman should do her part in fighting for the Fatherland. But we in America are different. That is why so many Americans are concerned about the movement out in Des Moines and similar feminine training places.

The emancipators formerly known as Suffragettes say that of course women should do their part. Has not the struggle for equal rights been waged for just that ever since the movement began? They point with pride to the Russian lady who sharpshot to death hundreds of German soldiers in the recent Eastern campaign. What Russian women can do, American women can do too.

The conservatives maintain with equal firmness and warmth that woman's place is in the home. They laugh with scorn at the military bearing of the Waacs, their saluting, their funny hats and the seriousness with which they do their work. It does not seem to measure up to the high ideal of womanhood, which is peace and happiness and love. Woman's place is in the home, and not in a camp marching around like a man.

The true position is undoubtedly some place in the middle. If we are to win this war it is becoming more apparent every day that we shall need all the man power that we have. Why should ablebodied men be forced to remain at home and pound a typewriter when women can do that work just as well? Making the women who take such positions live up to army regulations and navy regulations will add efficiency to their work. Thus there seems to be no valid reason against the Waacs and the Waves if women can be found who are in a position to join. Wives and mothers should remain at home and keep the home fires burning. That is their contribution to the war effort. But the others — bless them if they take upon themselves the rigors of army or navy life for the sake of their country.

**Mr. John Dewey**

The highly publicized yet ill-educated John Dewey had a remark to make recently which proved beyond a doubt that he has not advanced very far beyond the grade school level in spite of the fact that he is universitized and degreed *ad nauseam*. Perhaps the *New Yorker* hit the nail on the head when it said that, judging from the statement made by Mr. Dewey that he had been "working and studying for four score years," and that he was now only 83 years old, he must have begun his philosophical researches when he was something under three years of age.

The remark attributed to Dewey by the papers was: "Too few men in recent years have paid attention to the truth enunciated by Heraclitus that there is nothing permanent except change."

It is unnecessary to refute this great *truth*. The philosophy of common sense, which is the philosophy of the man of the street, cries out against it. And the philosophy of the man of the street is, broadly speaking, the philosophy of reality. Thus the man of the street is not bothered with John Dewey and his glorious maxims.

But imagine the unhappy life that John Dewey must be leading, the blind alleys in which he finds himself, the thick walls that he sees rising between himself and ultimate values which a voice within him says he must possess if he is to be at peace.

If he is married, he cannot call his wife the woman he married years before. She has no personality, no soul, nothing making firm and fast her ego — only change. Therefore, like water changing into vapor or steam or fog, she has changed into something else from what she originally was. If Mr. Dewey is consistent, he should put away his one-time wife as an intruder in his home. And so with his children (if he has children), and his friends, and even his enemies. These latter can no longer be his enemies if they have *changed*, as they must have *changed*, if Mr. Dewey is correct. We won't go into the matter of memory (such as even enemies have), which persists in functioning and holding together the events of one's life today as it did fifty years ago.

This same Mr. Dewey is the man who is apotheosized in some of our non-Catholic schools of education.

Mothers and fathers! Can you persist in allowing your children to imbibe the dangerous ramblings of John Dewey and the disciples of John Dewey when you know what these ramblings are? If you have a boy or a girl in such a university, take them out of it at once. Better that they spend their lives in digging ditches and taking in washing than to come to the conclusion that "there is nothing permanent in life except change."

### ***Prayer and the War Again***

Many cities in the country are having Holy Hours these days for the purpose of moving heaven to send peace to earth. Thousands of people are gathering in huge stadiums, unmindful at times of rain and cold, in order to pray together that God may destroy the war and bring common sense to the minds of the warmongers.

It is the right idea. Without God there can only be confusion and chaos. But God will not be a part of the world of men unless He hears His Name called upon in prayer. The gatherings in stadiums and ball parks for common prayer are undoubtedly doing as much good for the production of peace as are the munitions factories and the ship yards. The mere fact that some small-time civilians and even smaller military men deny this, is no sign that it is not true.

Common prayer is the best kind of prayer that we can make. "Where two or three are gathered together in my Name, there I will be in the midst of them." But private prayer is also necessary.

It is more and more amazing that Christians are still indifferent to the power of private prayer in spite of the fact that the dangers before their sons and fathers and husbands in the service are mounting every day. Holy Mass is still attended only by the faithful few. Holy Communion is still a monthly or a bi-monthly practice for thousands. Prayers in the home are still as meagre as they ever were.

What is wrong? Do not parents love their boys?

Once more we beg the people of the United States to get down on their knees. *That* is the way to win this war. If we are on God's side we cannot lose ultimately. And we will be on God's side if we pray.

# LIGUORIANA

## EXCERPTS FROM THE WRITINGS OF ST. ALPHONSUS

### Confidence in Mary

So great is Mary's merit in the eyes of God, that, according to St. Bonaventure, her prayers are infallibly heard. "The merit of Mary

is so great before God, that  
From: Abridged Sermons for Every Sunday her petitions can  
For Every Sunday Of The Year not be rejected."

But why are the prayers of Mary so powerful in the sight of God?

It is, says St. Antonine, because she is His Mother. "The petition of the Mother of God partakes of the nature of a command, and therefore it is impossible that she should not be heard." The prayers of the saints are the prayers of servants; but the prayers of Mary are the prayers of a mother, and therefore, according to the holy doctor, they are regarded in a certain manner as commands by her Son, who loves her so tenderly, It is then impossible that the prayers of Mary should be rejected.

Hence, according to Cosmos of Jerusalem, the intercession of Mary is all-powerful. It is right, as Richard of St. Laurence teaches, that the son should impart his power to the mother. Jesus Christ who is all-powerful, has made Mary omnipotent, as far as a creature is capable of omnipotence; that is, omnipotent in obtaining from Him, her divine Son, whatever she asks. Hence St. Bernardine of Sienna was able to say that all are subject to the power of Mary, and God Himself in some way obeys her.

St. Bridget heard our Saviour one day addressing the Virgin in the following words: "Ask from Me whatever you wish, for your petition can not be fruitless." My Mother, ask of Me what you please; I can not reject any prayer which you present to me; "because since you refused Me nothing on earth, I will refuse you nothing in heaven."

St. George, Archbishop of Nicomedia, says that Jesus Christ hears all the prayers of His Mother, as if He wished thereby to discharge the obligation which He owes to her for having given Him His human nature, by consenting to accept Him for her Son. Hence, St. Methodius, martyr, used to say to Mary: "Rejoice, rejoice, O holy Virgin; for thou hast for thy debtor that Son to whom we are all debtors; to thee He owes the human nature which He received from thee."

St. Gregory of Nicomedia encourages sinners by the assurance that, if they have recourse to the Virgin with a determination to amend their lives, she will save them by her intercession. Hence, turning to Mary, he exclaimed: "Thou hast insuperable strength, lest the multitude of our sins should overcome thy clemency." O Mother of God! the sins of a Christian, however great they may be, can not overcome thy mercy. "Nothing," adds the same saint, "resists thy power; for the Creator regards thy glory as His own."

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Nothing is impossible to thee, says St. Peter Damian; thou canst raise even those who are in the depths of despair to the hope of salvation.

Let us seek grace and let us seek it through Mary; for she is a mother and her petition can not be rejected. Let us seek through Mary all the graces that we desire to receive from God, and we shall obtain them; for she is a mother, and her Son can not refuse to hear her prayers, or to grant the graces which she asks from Him.

### Mary's Tender Compassion

If Mary was so compassionate on earth, how much greater must be her mercy now that she is in paradise. "Great was the mercy of Mary," says St. Bonaventure, "while she was in exile on earth, but it is much greater now that she is a queen in heaven, because she now sees the misery of men." Mary in heaven enjoys the vision of God; and therefore she sees our wants far more clearly than when she was on earth; hence, as her pity for us is increased, so also her desire to assist us is more ardent. How truly has Richard of St. Victor said to the Virgin: "So tender is thy heart that thou canst not see misery and not afford succor." It is impossible for this loving mother to behold a human being in distress without extending to him pity and relief.

St. Peter Damian says that the Virgin "loves us with an invincible love." How ardently soever the saints may have loved this amiable queen, their affections fell far short of the love Mary

bore to them. It is this love that makes her so solicitous for our welfare. The saints in heaven, says St. Augustine, have great power to obtain grace from God for those who recommend themselves to their prayers; but as Mary is of all the saints the most powerful, so she is of all the most desirous to procure for us the divine mercy.

And, as this our great advocate once said to St. Bridget, she regards not the iniquities of the sinner who has recourse to her, but the disposition with which he invokes her aid. If he comes to her with a firm purpose of amendment she receives him, and by her intercession heals his wounds and brings him to salvation. "However great a man's sins may be, if he shall return to me, I am instantly ready to receive him. Nor do I regard the number or the enormity of his sins, but the will with which he comes to me; for I do not disdain to anoint and heal his wounds, because I am called, and truly am, the Mother of Mercy."

The Blessed Virgin is called a "fair olive tree in the plain." From the olive, oil only comes forth; and from the hands of Mary only graces and mercies flow. According to Cardinal Hugo, it is said that she remains in the plain to show that she is ready to assist all those who have recourse to her. In the Old Law there were five cities of refuge, in which not all, but only those who had committed certain crimes, could find an asylum: but in Mary, says St. John Damascene, all criminals, may take refuge.

## New Books and Old

The writings of the Trappist priest who uses the name "M. Raymond" have achieved immense popularity in recent months. Everyone knows how that strange and provocative volume *The Man Who Got Even With God* (Bruce, \$2.00) has been on the best seller lists for more than a year. We are told that the series of pamphlets which is being published at Gethsemane

*A b b e y*, and which is certainly from the pen of the same "M.

Raymond," is far outselling anything in its field. These pamphlets, published under such titles as *Have You Met God?* (for layfolk), *The God-Man's Double* (for priests), *Doubling for the Mother of God* (for nuns), and *For Your Own Defense* (for servicemen) are stimulating and inspirational little treatises on the true Catholic life and its immense possibilities for sanctity. About a dozen of these pamphlets have been published and are available at 10 cents each from the Abbey of Our Lady of Gethsemane, Trappist P.O., Kentucky. And now a new book has just appeared by this brilliant writer, *The Family That Overtook Christ* (Kenedy, pp. 422, \$2.75). The famous family of which he writes is that of St. Bernard of Clairvaux, and it comes as something of a shock when one glances at the table of contents and notices that the mother, five brothers and sister of St. Bernard all have the title "Blessed," and his father that of "Venerable." What sort of family was it that was able to produce so many persons of heroic virtue? As one begins to read the book, it becomes clear that it was a very unusual family indeed, and yet not in the least sanctimonious in the much abused sense of that term. On the contrary, the author goes to some length to establish that each member of the family that overtook Christ was entirely human, with all the nobility and knightly spirit which were the best characteristics of the age of the crusades. It is a matter of record that the dynamic Bernard was responsible,

*A column of comment on the fact that all the new books just appearing and old books that still live. THE LIQUORIAN offers its services to any reader, whether they are mentioned here or not.*

directly or indirectly, for the fact that all the members of his family save his mother, who died rather young, sooner or later became religious in orders of strict observance, and the fact becomes even more striking when we read that in the case of one brother and of his sister, Humbeline, this involved separation from wife and husband. The famous story of Nivard, the youngest brother, who was at first left at home that he might inherit all the family fortunes, and who complained that the division was unequal—leaving earth to him, while his brothers entered upon the wider inheritance of sanctity—is told with gusto and charm. Each chapter of the book is devoted to a single member of the family of Bernard, but the chapters are knit together very well to form a unit. We said that the writing of M. Raymond is strange and provocative. It is also at times exasperating, but it never ceases to be fascinating by its brilliant display of imaginative pyrotechnics. Through these pages of narration, couched almost entirely in the form of conversation between the characters, there runs a deep discussion of the evils of Bernard's century, and the power of sanctity to counteract those evils. What exasperates the reader—or this reader, at any rate—is the fact that the conversation seems at times entirely too brilliant. Each of the characters is able to analyze the age and to formulate principles of asceticism in a way which almost passes belief. We do not in the least doubt that the members of Bernard's family were every bit as holy as the author makes them, but their conversation sometimes reads as if it could have taken place between St. Augustine and St. Thomas Aquinas. Again, it is possible that some of the men of the Middle Ages, including St. Bernard himself, were able to grasp the weakness and strength of their age, but it is more probable that the vast majority of them, including the saints, could not do so. To make men of the past speak in the light of present knowledge is, it seems to us, anachronistic. However, despite this crit-

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icism, this is a thoroughly enjoyable book, and it may be predicted that it will have as much success as its predecessor. And it should certainly achieve in some measure the aim of its author: to make sanctity appear not as mere sentimentality, but as a genuine and virile way of life.

\* \* \*

Christmas is the season of gifts, and books always make acceptable gifts, unless they are chosen haphazardly and with no reference to their actual and intrinsic worth. Hence we urge readers by all means to give books as presents, but to be selective in their purchases, so that the book-gifts may be of lasting value and interest to the recipients. The suggestions which follow are taken from the Victory Book List for Armed Forces, compiled by the Catholic Library Book-Gift Association and issued by Suggestions the NCCS. Although compiled primarily for soldiers, they should certainly be acceptable to Catholics in all walks of life. The whole list comprises about 200 titles, but about twenty of these were chosen as a "core" library. This central group is divided into "books to live by," and "books to live with." In the latter category are such favorite Catholic volumes as *Damien the Leper*, by John Farrow (Sheed & Ward, \$2.50); *Mush You Malemutes*, by Rev. Bernard Hubbard, S.J. (America Press, \$3.00); *The Old Parish*, by Doran Hurley (Longmans, \$2.00); *Shadows on the Rock*, by Willa Cather (Knopf, \$2.50); *Knute Rockne*, by Harry Stuhldreher (Macrae-Smith, \$2.50); and *Our Land and Our Lady*, by Daniel Sargent (Longmans, \$2.50). Among the "books to live by" are the *New Testament* (Confraternity Edition, \$1.25); *Fish on Friday*, by Leonard Feeney, S.J. (Sheed & Ward, \$1.50); *The Faith of Millions*, by John A. O'Brien (Sunday Visitor Press, \$1.50); *Great Catholics*, by Claude Williamson (Macmillan, \$2.50); *Letters to Jack*, by Bishop Kelley (Extension Press, \$1.00); and *Safeguarding Mental Health*, by Raphael McCarthy, S.J. (Bruce, \$2.50). These titles would all make excellent gifts for any Catholic in the land. If you find it convenient, you may order any or all of them through THE LIGUORIAN. If you have it in mind to give a nicely gotten up prayer-book to some relative or friend for Christmas, we do not hesitate to recommend enthusiastically

*Moments With God*, by Rev. Edward F. Garesché, S.J. (Bruce, pp. 525, \$2.50 cloth, \$4.50 pearl grain black leather). Father Garesché is well known not only for his work on the Catholic Medical Missions Board, but also as a writer of distinction. In this substantial little volume he has gathered together the traditional prayers and devotions of Catholics, and added many prayers for special needs and intentions in language which is restrained, and yet beautiful and consoling. The Proper of the Mass for all the Sundays of the year and for a number of feasts, together with the Ordinary, is also contained in this prayerbook which should, we believe, have a wide appeal.

\* \* \*

It is good to see that the publishers have reissued that appealing volume *Our Palace Wonderful*, by Rev. Frederick A. Houck (Herder, pp. 180, \$1.25). It is some years since we first read this book and decided that there is nothing quite like it in the field of Catholic literature. The sub-title is *Man's Place in Visible Creation*, but the book is far from being an abstract treatise in philosophy. It is instead a mine of wonderful and curious information culled from astronomy, biology and mineralogy, all of it directed towards the truth that the position of man as "sovereign tenant of the palace wonderful" is one of almost terrifying dignity and responsibility, and as such should bind him ever more closely to his Maker. Father Houck by a wealth of illustration manifests clearly the truth that infinity exists in great things as well as in small. First by astronomical data, which he marshals with clarity and vigor, and then by an examination of the infinite variety in simplicity which exists in the world of plant life he achieves his purpose. This is the popularization of science in the best sense of the phrase.

\* \* \*

Shut-ins will find help and consolation during the coming year in the Good Samaritan Almanac for 1943, published by the Apostolate of Suffering, 1551 North 34th St., Milwaukee, Wis. (pp. 64, 25c). It contains a complete calendar of feasts during the year, together with short notices on saints of especial interest to shut-ins. Other devotional and inspirational material make this little book very timely and useful to those for whom it is intended.

## L u c i d   I n t e r v a l s

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A farmer was losing his patience and temper trying to drive two mules into a field, when the local parson came by and said:

"Don't speak like that to those dumb animals."

Farmer: "You are just the man I want to see."

Parson: "And why?"

Farmer: "Tell me, how did Noah get these into the ark?"

\*

Colored Girl with wonderful personality wants work as maid in good family. Can cook and admire children.—*Journal-Gazette*.

\*

At the hospital, Mrs. \_\_\_\_\_ explained that she stepped on a piece of soap and skidded right out the window. Her only injury was a wrecked etaoin etaoin.

\*

"I love you, too," she cried, and swaying toward him threw herself into his arms. His lips found and clung to her sweet, tremendous mouth.—*Story in Sunday Journal*.

\*

Yale beat Princeton in the closest kind of a track meet the other day, 67, 2-3 to 67 1-3, and did it by taking a first and third in the final event. . . . The year before, Yale beat Princeton, 67 to 67, probably a runaway!

\*

"Does 'at smile mean you forgive me?" "Stay away, nigga; I'se just smilin' to rest mah face."

\*

Diner: "Waiter, look at the ends of this sausage."

Waiter: "What's wrong with them, sir?"

Diner: "They're very close together, aren't they?"

\*

A M. E. bishop's description of the kind of preaching addressed to rich sinners in some of the aristocratic congregations:

"Brethren, you must repent, as it were, and be converted in a measure, or you will be damned to some extent."

Prof.: "Didn't you have a brother in this course last year?"

Stude: "No sir, it was I. I'm taking it over again."

Prof.: "Extraordinary resemblance, though — extraordinary!"

\*

Two London cabmen were glaring at each other. "Aw, what's the matter with you?" demanded one.

Nothing's the matter with me."

"You gave me a nasty look," persisted the first.

"Well," responded the other, "now you mention it, you certainly have a nasty look; but I didn't give it to you."

\*

Major: "Don't you know how to stand at attention?"

Rookie in oversized uniform: "I am, sir. It's my uniform that's at ease."

\*

A Sunday-school class had been carefully drilled for the coming of the district superintendent. Johnnie was to answer "God" when the question "Who made you?" was propounded. Jimmie was to pipe up "Out of the dust of the earth" in answer to the second question.

"Who made you?" asked the district superintendent when the great day of the review arrived. Again the opening question. Still no answer.

"Please, sir," spoke up a freckled-faced youngster, "the little boy God made is home with the measles."

\*

A Scottish lady invited a gentleman to dinner on a particular day and he had accepted with the reservation, "If I am spared."

"Weel, weel," replied she, "if ye're deid I'll no' expect ye."

\*

An elderly Negro was testifying in an inquest into the death of another Negro when Coroner James J. Fitzgibbons offered a little advice.

"You don't have to talk," Fitzgibbons said. "You have your constitutional rights."

"Oh, I'll testify, Judge," the witness replied. "My constitution is all right."





## BOOKS AS GIFTS

Some suggestions for Christmas book gifts are given in the book review columns of this issue of THE LIGUORIAN. Here are some other current favorites, guaranteed for interest and for worth.

### For all:

1. *Faith the Root*, by Barbara Fleury (\$2.50).  
This heart-warming novel has an almost universal appeal.
2. *Pack Rat*, by Bishop Francis Clement Kelley (\$1.75).  
A novel which sharply satirizes certain current conditions.

### For priests:

1. *Across a World*, by John M. Considine (\$2.50).  
Fascinating account of missionary lands and missionaries at work.
2. *Pageant of the Popes*, by John Farrow (\$3.50).  
Panorama of the papacy in one compact but beautifully written volume.

### For nuns:

1. *In Praise of Nuns*, edited by James M. Hayes (\$2.00).  
Beautiful anthology of poems from all sources about nuns.
2. *This War Is the Passion*, by Carryl Houselander (\$2.00).  
An amazingly vivid account of the impact of the war upon personal religion in England.

All of these books, of course, may be ordered through THE LIGUORIAN.

## THE LIGUORIAN AS A GIFT

Besides choosing books as gifts, why not present a year's subscription to THE LIGUORIAN to one or many of your relatives and friends, or to a soldier or sailor in whom you have an interest, great or small. If you like the magazine yourself, they will most probably like it too, and be grateful to you for introducing them to it. Use the convenient blank below for orders.

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For the enclosed one dollar (\$1.25 in Canada), please send a year's subscription of THE LIGUORIAN as a Christmas present to

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# Motion Picture Guide

**THE PLEDGE:** I condemn indecent and immoral motion pictures, and those which glorify crime and criminals. I promise to do all that I can to strengthen public opinion and to unite with all who protest against them. I acknowledge my obligation to form a right conscience about pictures that are dangerous to my moral life. As a member of the Legion of Decency, I pledge myself to remain away from them. I promise, further, to stay away altogether from places of amusement which show them as a matter of policy.

The following films have been rated as unobjectionable by the board of reviewers:

<i>Reviewed This Week</i>	
Navy Comes Through, The	Gay Caballero, The
Seven Days Leave	Gentlemen Jim
Texas to Texas	George Washington Slept Here
Previously Reviewed	Get Hep to Love
Arizona Bound	Give Out, Sister
Bambi	Glory of Faith, The (French)
Bandit Ranger	Golgotha
Bachelor, Bachelor, The	Half a Sinner
Battle Cry of China	Henry Aldrich, Editor
Bells of Capistrano	Here We Go Again
Between Us Girls	Hidden Gold
Billy the Kid in Law and Order	Hillbilly Blitzkrieg
Billy the Kid in the Mysterious	Holiday Inn
Rider	In Old California
Birth of the Blues	John Oscar
Black Rider of Robin Hood	Legion of the Lawless
Ranch	Life Begins for Andy Hardy (revised version)
Blonde for Victory	Life Begins in College
Boogie Man Will Get You, The	Little Flower of Jesus
Border Roundup	Little Joe the Wrangler
Boss of Big Town	Little Tokyo, U. S. A.
Boston Blackie Goes Hollywood	Lone Prairie, The
Bowery Blitzkrieg	Lone Rider Rides On, The
Cairo	Loves of Edgar Allan Poe, The
Call of the Canyon	Ma, He's Making Eyes at Me
Cheyenne Roundup	Mad Men of Europe
Counter Espionage	Magnificent Dope, The
Courtship of Andy Hardy, The	Man in the Trunk, The
Cyclone Kid, The	Marry the Boss's Daughter
Dangerously They Live	Maxwell Archer, Detective
Daring Young Man, The	Mikado, The
Deep in the Heart of Texas	Military Academy
Desperate Journey	Miss V from Moscow
Devil With Hitler, The	Monastery
Elery Queen and the Murder	Mrs. Miniver
Ring	Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage
Enemy Agent	Patch
Enemy Agents Meet Elery	Navy Blue and Gold (reissue)
Queen	Northwest Rangers
Eternal Gift, The	Old Chisholm Train, The
Eyes in the Night	Old Homestead, The
Falcon's Brother, The	Omaha Trail, The
Fangs of the Wild	One of Our Aircraft Is Missing
Flying Fortress	Outlaw of Boulder Pass
Flying Tigers	Pacific Blackout
For Me and My Gal	Pardon My Stripes
Foreign Agent	Perpetual Sacrifice, The
	Phantom Plaistman
	Pied Piper, The
	Pirates of the Prairie
	Pride of the Blue Grass
	Pride of the Yankees, The
	Private Sunfy Smith
	Queen of Deating
	Raiders of San Joaquin
	Reap the Wild Wind
	Rod River Robin
	Riding Through Nevada
	Scatterbrain
	Scatterwood Survives a Murder
	Seven Sweethearts
	Shadows on the Sand
	Sheriff of Sage Valley
	Small Town Deb
	Smith in Minnesota
	Sombrero Kid, The
	Sons of the Pioneers
	Spirit of Stanford
	Springtime in the Rockies
	Stage Coach Buckaroo
	Stand By, All Networks
	Story of the Vatican, The
	Strictly in the Groove
	Sued for Libel
	Sunset Serenade
	Tenting Tonight on the Old
	Camp Ground
	Thunder Birds
	Timber
	Tomahone
	Tonto Basin Outlaws
	Top Sergeant Mulligan
	Trail of the Silver Spurs
	U-Boat 29
	Undercover Man
	Valley of Hunted Men
	Wake Island
	War Against Mrs. Hadley, The
	What's Cookin'
	Whistling in Dixie
	Who Done It?
	World at War
	Yanks Are Coming, The
	Yank at Eton, A
	Yankee Doodle Dandy

